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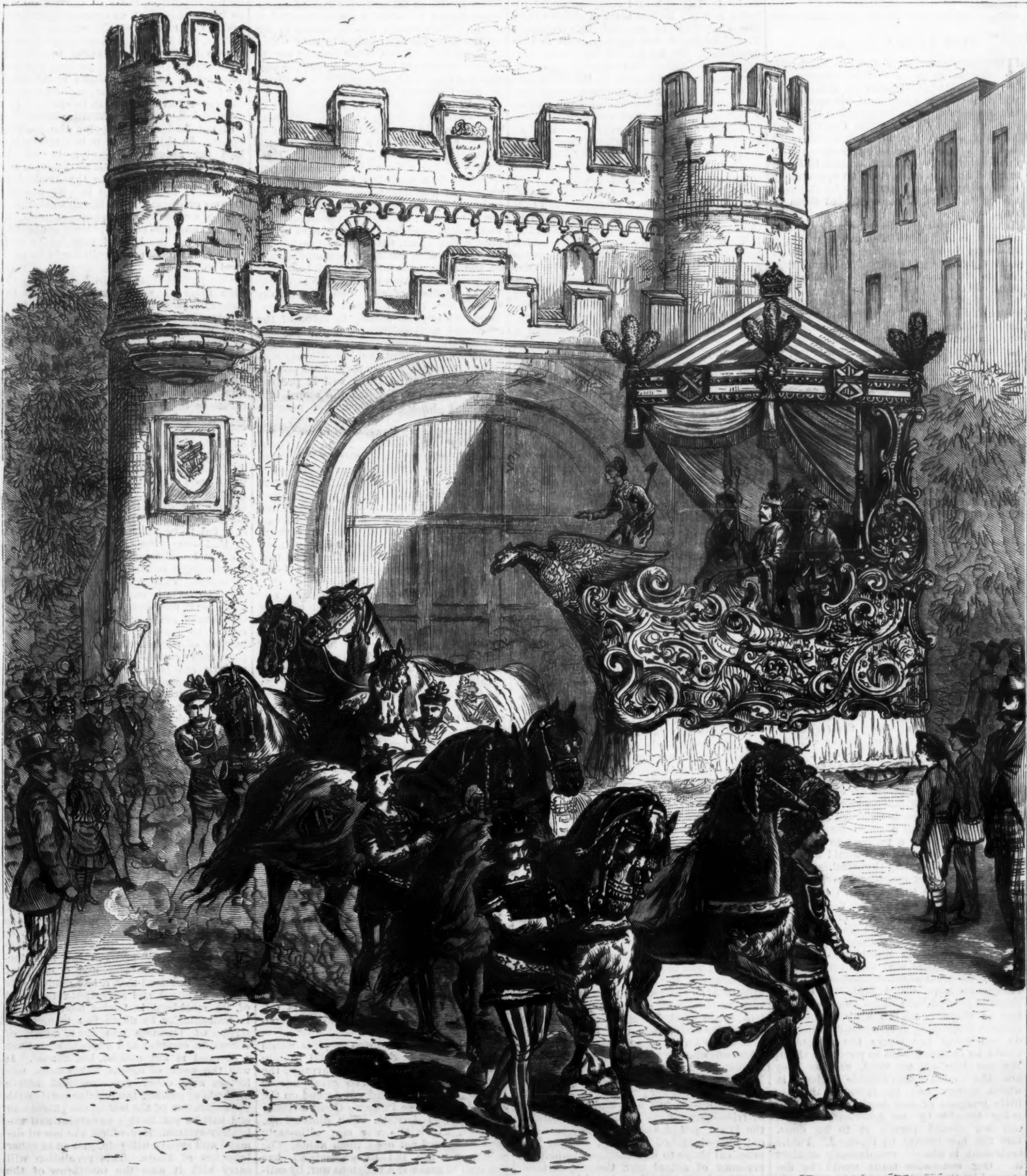
## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—INAUGURATION OF THE METROPOLITAN CARNIVAL, MAY 15TH—KING CARNIVAL IN HIS TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT, PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE HOMAGE OF HIS NEW SUBJECTS.—SEE PAGE 203.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE EXTRA SESSION.

THE proclamation of the President calling an extra session of Congress on the 15th of October is one of the wisest and most popular of his acts, after the issuing of his order recalling the Government troops from South Carolina and Louisiana. To a good many members of Congress it was a great disappointment, no doubt, not having an extra session in June; it could have afforded them an opportunity for distinguishing themselves by eloquent speech-making, and have enabled them to rush a good many Bills through both Houses, which might have been productive of infinite mischief. The people at large, however, comprehend the real state of affairs, and are grateful to President Hayes for his prudence in giving the public sentiment of the nation time to take definite shape during a seven months' interval of rest between the two Congresses. In doing this the President has acted on his maxim, that he serves his party best who serves his country best, and the result will justify his determination, we have no doubt. After passing through nine months of such political turmoils and excitements as grew out of the contest for the Presidency, the country required rest and opportunities for recuperation, which an extra session of Congress would have prevented. The sole necessity for calling an extra session grew out of the reprehensible conduct of the last Congress in neglecting to pass the proper appropriations for the payment of the army; but in the present peaceable condition of affairs, the army is a matter of secondary importance, and the Administration will manage to rub along with the appropriations already unexpended until October. The credit of the Government is good for any supplies it may require, and the officers of the army would not be greatly inconvenienced if they should be compelled to wait a month or two for their pay. The talk about disbanding the army is, of course, mere talk, although it seem that the places of the twenty-five hundred men whose time will expire before the meeting of Congress will not be filled up, except in such cases as those of men who wish to re-enlist. This is in itself a very prudent measure, and as it will necessitate the closing up of all the recruiting stations, a large sum of money will be saved and no harm will be done. The garrisons in all the Atlantic forts might very well be dispensed with, as there is very little use for artillery on our seacoast now, except to fire an occasional salute. The army, it is true, is regarded as merely a nucleus, but then a small nucleus will serve just as good a purpose as a larger one, and ten thousand men would be quite as serviceable as thirty thousand.

There are other considerations, besides those that relate to the army, that render an extra session of Congress desirable in the opinion of some prominent members, mostly of the Democratic Party. Since the expiration of the last Congress war has broken out between Russia and Turkey, and it is imagined that the United States might reap great advantages from it if our navigation laws, which prohibit the purchase of foreign-built ships, were repealed. But as there is no law against American citizens employing foreign-built ships, we do not quite see where the advantage would be in being able to purchase them. We can hire all we need, and as they are the most unprofitable object in which money can be invested, there is little prospect of any foreign-built vessel being bought by an American, even if the law should permit it to be done. But the law cannot be repealed. Public sentiment is almost unanimously against it. Our coastwise trade would be destroyed by the employment of foreign-built vessels, and all the interests connected with ship-building would be ruined. The

effort to repeal the navigation laws has been often made in Congress, but it has always been defeated, and there would be less chance for it now than ever.

Another of the pet schemes of "sentimental statesmen" which it is considered desirable that an extra session of Congress should be called to legislate upon, is that of Civil Service Reform. This is a Republican scheme which no Democratic statesman has yet thought it worth his while to waste any time upon. The President is a Civil Service Reformer by profession, and he has promised to make Civil Service Reform "thorough, radical and complete"; and we do not question the sincerity of his motives in making such a promise; but now that the responsibility is placed upon him, he must begin to discover the impossibility of making radical changes in a system which is not only in strict accordance with the fundamental law of the nation, but which has been the gradual growth of a century, and is the natural product of our political system. To make a radical change in the Civil Service would require a change in the Constitution, which the President has no power to effect, and to make it thorough and complete would require a much longer term of service than the President is entitled to. Probably President Hayes has already come to this conclusion, for he has certainly not done anything yet which looks like effecting any revolutionary movements in the Civil Service. But by way of throwing a tub to that restless whale, the sentimentalizing public, a commission has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, consisting of three private citizens of New York, to inquire into the methods of doing things in the New York Custom House. This tends to occupy the public mind, but it has very little tendency towards rectifying any of the abuses of the Civil Service. The Collector, his deputies and the chief clerks of the various departments, have been examined, but very little valuable information has been elicited from them. We notice among the explanations made by Mr. McMahon, one of the chief clerks, he is reported as saying that "if the Custom House could be relieved from political pressure, and the Collector could pick his force and direct the business like a president of a bank or a railroad, the expenses of the Custom House could be cut down 20 per cent." A very nice time they would have, indeed, if the Collector were freed from political supervision and permitted to pick his force like a president of a bank or a railroad. We wonder if Mr. McMahon has ever read or heard anything about the banks and railroads and insurance companies which have been utterly ruined by the conduct of the "force" which the president of those corporations employed. Did he ever hear of the Erie Railroad, or of the Central New Jersey, or of the dozen or two banks which have been utterly ruined by extravagance of presidents and the employment of incompetent and dishonest clerks? It is within the letter to say that more money has been lost by the incompetent and corrupt management of private corporations, during the past year, than the whole Civil Service has cost the country in fifty years. Still we do not wish to be misunderstood as holding the opinion that no Civil Service Reform is needed, only nobody seems yet to have suggested any remedy for the evils which all complain of. What the country most needs and desires is a thorough reformation of our tariff system, which renders it next to impossible for an honest importer to do business at the Custom House without involving himself in trouble; but that is a kind of work that could not be accomplished in an extra session.

THE RUSSIAN INVASION.

AT last there is actual war between the Russians and the Turk. The famous Eastern Question, so long the fruitful subject of speculation and prediction, has passed into the region of hard and substantial fact; the cloud has burst, and the tempest of war is again raging over the broad lands which have so often been the scenes of deadly strife between the Christian and the Moslem. Diplomacy, which has done its utmost, has completely failed; the clangor of war is heard resounding loud on the shores of the Danube and among the hills of Armenia, and it now remains to be seen whether, and in what way, the sword will settle what for generations has perplexed the statesmanship of Europe.

It is no longer necessary to discuss the questions whether more might not have been accomplished by peaceful means; whether Turkey ought not to have been allowed time to work out her promised reforms; and whether Russia has not, under the pretext of friendship for the Christian subjects of the Porte, seized an opportunity to carry out long-cherished purposes, and to give practical shape to well-matured plans. In presence of actual war, these questions, for the present, must be laid aside. Having failed to induce the other great Powers to join her in the occupation of the Christian

provinces, and without having obtained their consent that she should do so alone, Russia has accepted the rôle of champion of the Christian nationalities of the Porte, and alone she has gone forth to do battle with the Moslem. Since her armies began to move their advance has been comparatively slow, but it has been steady, and the positions which they have already won, both in Asia and Europe, seem to justify the opinion that, if Turkey is not aided by some other power, their success will be swift and complete.

Whether the war will be confined to those two Powers is, however, a most important element in the great problem. As yet the other Powers are contented to look on, as anxious and more or less interested spectators. But they are—some of them, at least—fearful of the result; and if they have not drawn the sword, the hand is on its hilt. With the avowed object of Russia's invasion of Turkey, the intelligent masses throughout the Christian world are to a certain extent in sympathy. It is everywhere felt and admitted that it is a glaring wrong, a flagrant injustice, that in this nineteenth century, and in the finest part of Europe, some twelve or thirteen millions of Christians should be ruled by a mere handful of Turks. This wrong, this injustice, is felt all the more that the power to rule, which is in itself an offense, is not exerted for the benefit of the subject peoples, but for purposes of oppression and cruelty. A coalition of the European Powers, having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the Christian populations in European Turkey, would have met with almost universal approval. The jealousies of the different governments, and the rival interests of the different nations, alone rendered such a coalition impossible. The masses of intelligent men in all Christian communities saw with regret the failure of the Conference, because they believed that what might have been accomplished by the joint action of all, without endangering the interests of any, could not be accomplished by the action of one, without begetting complications which might prove injurious to the interests of all. This is precisely what is now made apparent to every one. There is a popular feeling in favor of the oppressed nationalities; but the popular feeling, while it restrains the action of the different governments not immediately concerned, does not hinder them from preparing for eventualities; nor will it prevent any of them from flinging the sword into the scale when the opportune moment arrives and when action is demanded.

There are three Powers, all of whom are very largely interested. These are Great Britain, Germany and Austria. The neutrality of France and Italy may be regarded as certain for the present. The absolute neutrality of Great Britain is simply impossible; and the neutrality of Germany and Austria, if proclaimed, might well be suspected. In the events which may result from the war they are both deeply interested. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we find war preparations actively being made by each of these three Powers. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Freeman, and others, have given powerful and effective expression to the popular sentiment against the Turk, as a ruler over Christians; but while they have made war in defense of the Turk impossible, they have not made the English Government indifferent to the dignity of the Empire or to the integrity of its vast possessions; nor have they made the English people forgetful of their world-wide commercial interests. The Suez Canal is to be protected at all hazards; and whatever Russia may be able to accomplish in the interior, she will not be allowed to approach Constantinople. At the present moment Great Britain is, to a large extent, isolated from the Continent of Europe. Her interests, she knows, are not there; but the Suez Canal she will make her own, and Constantinople she will not allow to fall into the hands of Russia, no matter what the cost of blood or treasure. It is not known to what extent Russia and Germany and Austria are agreed as to the policy to be pursued on the Danube and in the Black Sea. It is possible that there is no understanding whatever. If there is an understanding between those three Powers, it means the despoiling and dismemberment of Turkey for the benefit of each. If there is no understanding, both Germany and Austria will see with displeasure Russia's success, especially if such success is followed by the annexation of Turkish territory.

An alliance of the three empires would rouse the ire of England; it would irritate France and Italy, and it might arrange the armies of Europe in two great hostile camps. Much does, indeed, depend on the action of the three Powers—Great Britain, Germany and Austria. The dimensions, however, which the war may ultimately assume depend not upon them alone. The Sultan, we are led to understand, has resolved to make it a religious war, by calling to his aid all the defenders of the Moslem faith. In British East India alone there are about twenty-five millions of

Moslems; and there are millions more scattered over Asia and the adjoining islands. What effect an universal uprising of the Mussulmans would have in this age of the world it is impossible to predict.

THE FUTURE OF SEWING MACHINES.

SOME thirty years ago, when the sewing-machine was in its infancy, its workings were daily exhibited by two young women, who operated the treadles in a window on Broadway, near the City Hall Park. A crowd constantly watched the industrious damsels; and some had faith, but the majority shook their heads and said: "It will never be of any practical use; or, if it does, it will take the bread out of the mouths of poor sewing-women." It did not seem probable then that the complicated piece of machinery which proposed to do the sewing of the family would become not only a household necessity, but the means of enabling thousands to earn a livelihood. Because of this lack of faith in the invention, hosts of canvassers had to be employed at an enormous outlay to make the merits of the sewing-machine known, and an equally large army of teachers to instruct the unskilled in its use. This expensive system of pushing this new benefaction to the feminine world made the price of the article larger than it would otherwise have been; yet in spite of this drawback there are few families in which it will not be found occupying the place of honor. In thirty years it has revolutionized the process of sewing in all departments of labor, and it would seem like retreating backward into the Dark Ages to attempt to do without it. No one now dreams of arguing that it will work injury to the woman who supports herself by sewing, and few of the present generation can imagine the lack of faith which once made men almost universally doubt its practical usefulness.

One fact that aided in keeping up the high price of sewing-machines, was the numerous patents that covered their manufacture. It was not so much the royalty that was expensive as the constant need to protect the patent from infringement. Suits, that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to carry to a successful conclusion, were of common occurrence. Shrewd men foresaw that a fortune was coming in the future to the owners of the patents, and they exerted all their wiles to secure inventions which should just escape a charge of infringement. The natural result was a combination of the leading companies to defend their patents; and of course, as in all such cases, the expenses of lawsuits for protection had to come out of the pockets of the general public. A few days since the last of these patents expired, and it is not to be renewed. The consequence is that the price of sewing-machines is already largely reduced, some companies announcing a reduction of one-half in their price-list. This will be good news for women everywhere. Those who have not purchased machines, or those who are thinking of getting them, will have special reason to rejoice; but unfortunately the number of these lucky individuals is comparatively small. The next generation will be apt to gain the chief advantage from the reduction. Yet even for this we can afford to be very thankful, for just in proportion as the cost of labor-saving machinery is decreased, in the same ratio is the comfort of the masses enlarged. It makes the burden of life easier to-day to know that for those who come after us there is to be less of trouble in the fight for existence. There is solid satisfaction in knowing that the women of to-morrow will find it less difficult to prick back death with the needle.

Few have an idea how extensive the business of manufacturing sewing-machines is, and how rapid has been its growth. One of the factories in a neighboring city covers thirty acres of ground and numbers its workmen by the thousand. Another company has sold nearly a million of machines of one particular pattern, and even in the dull times of last year sold over one hundred and fifty thousand. Of late years the rivalry between the manufacturers has been intense, and a company recently advertised that it had made a sale of two hundred and seventy-six thousand of its machines in twelve months. The instrumentality by which this tremendous stroke of business was done, must, of course, be complex and expensive, as such a demand is not natural, but forced. It was the work of agents, canvassers, collectors and other ceaseless and active methods of gaining the popular ear. With the expiration of the last of the patents an end will be put to this unnatural and unhealthy system. Henceforth the law of demand and supply will rule, just as in other branches of trade. This revolution will carry with it also the overthrow of the installment plan, with its too extended system of credit, its many bad debts, its enforced hardship on the poor, and its em-



barrassing uncertainties. Cash will be the rule of the hour, and the rule will be invariable except in the case of persons of approved credit who may be willing to pay the price of special contracts. This would seem to be the most equitable plan for all concerned, and none who are willing honestly to pay for a machine need go without it. The close of the old system ought to mark a new era of prosperity for the manufacturers and certainly inaugurate a decided gain for the public.

### THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

THE following concise summary of the proximate causes of the Russo-Turkish war will be found instructive at this juncture, and will assist our readers in obtaining an intelligent conception of the disagreements which threaten to convulse all Europe in a general struggle during the coming Summer.

In 1874, the collection of taxes from Slavic Christians in the Herzegovina by Turkish officials proved a failure. In January, 1876, an attempt to enforce the payment of taxes and arrears with unusual rigor led to scenes of violence between the peasants and the collectors. The village chiefs, on complaining to the authorities, were insulted and threatened with arrest. Several of them fled to Montenegro. The Montenegrins were then assembled in council at their capital, Cetigne, deliberating over the "Podgoritzka Affair," a disturbance which had occurred between Turks and Montenegrins, and in which a few had been killed on both sides. Turkey, after punishing the Turkish murderers, had demanded that the guilty Montenegrins should be surrendered to her for trial, as the offense was committed on her soil. The Montenegrins welcomed the Herzegovinian refugees to the council, and approved their refusal to pay taxes to Turkey. A rebellion broke out in Herzegovina about the 20th of July, 1875, spreading speedily into Bosnia, and although Serbia was kept out of it by the firmness of Prince Milan, and Montenegro by Russian influence, it grew so formidable by the 22d of August that Russia, France, Austria and England invited the Porte, by a collective note, to examine and redress the wrongs complained of by its subjects. The Servians immediately put ninety thousand men in the field, a menace forthwith followed by the Sultan increasing his forces and calling Mahmud Pasha to the Vizership. In October, 1875, the Turks had succeeded in driving out of Herzegovina 50,000 refugees into Montenegro and 30,000 into Dalmatia. Meanwhile, Turkish credit had been almost destroyed by the Porte being compelled, on account of financial distress, to decree the payment of half the January interest on its debt in new bonds. Contrary to general expectation, however, the half-cash payment of interest was made in January, 1876. The Sultan resolutely declined any mediation by foreign Powers until his rebellious subjects should yield; although he guaranteed reforms which they were not willing to accept as a sufficient pretext for disarmament. Then came the Andrássy note, in the name of the three Emperors of Austria, Germany and Russia, and approved by England, France and Italy, asking for religious liberty, customs reform, and a mixed commission to carry out reforms in the discontented provinces. This was accepted by the Sultan, February 12th, 1876. But in the Spring the Herzegovinian rebellion was revived with fresh vigor, the Roumanians refused to pay tribute to Turkey, Christian troops crossed the frontier into Bosnia, and the whole country was in open rebellion. Then came the Bulgarian revolt on May 1st, the massacre of the foreign consuls at Salonica on May 6th, and the Bulgarian atrocities. On the 11th of May the three Emperors dictated the famous memorandum of Berlin, substantially the same as the Andrássy note, but ending with a menace of armed intervention, if its terms should be refused. England was not consulted in this negotiation, and she declined to approve the memorandum, which was never presented to the Porte. The revolution of May 30th, in Constantinople, deposed Abdul Aziz, who, it is alleged, committed suicide. Murad V. was installed in his place, only to give way, soon afterwards, to Abdul Hamid. Raschid Pasha and Husein Avni Pasha, members of the cabinet, were assassinated. On June 29th, Prince Milan virtually declared war against Turkey, and on July 2d the Servian forces crossed the frontier, the Prince having formed an alliance with Montenegro and being materially assisted by Russia. The Turks, in the midst of a series of decisive victories, were led by the anti-Ottoman Gladstone excitement in England to offer an armistice, which Serbia was led by the same reason to decline. The Powers, however, contrived to have it proclaimed, although General Tchernayeff opposed it, and made his army proclaim Milan king. But Russia would not let the Prince accept the

proffered crown. She demanded an armistice of a month, and the Porte offered one of six months. Hostilities were resumed, and notwithstanding Tchernayeff's skill and the gallantry of the Russian officers and volunteers, who did all the fighting for Serbia, the Turks took Djunis and Alexanitz; then followed a practical armistice of six weeks between Turkey and Serbia, the ultimatum of Russia, and discussions which precipitated the abortive Conference at Constantinople. At the Conference the Powers agreed in recommendations which the Sultan rejected as incompatible with his dignity and with the very existence of his empire. Nevertheless, he ordered analogous reforms, prepared a Constitution and called a Parliament. War then became only a question of time.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**RIFLED NAVAL GUNS.**—During the past eighteen months the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department has had thirty-one of the old smooth-bore eleven-inch guns converted into eight-inch rifled guns by lining them with steel tubes, but the work will soon be suspended for the want of funds. These guns will be placed on the largest ships which may be fitted out during the next fiscal year. None can be fitted out this year, as there is no money available for such purpose. The Government has nearly 1,000 of old smooth-bore guns on hand, many of which can be converted into efficient rifled guns if Congress will make the necessary appropriation. The work of converting those above mentioned has been done at the Cold Spring Foundry, opposite West Point, N. Y., and at the South Boston Iron Works. The only American vessel now armed with rifled guns is the Trenton, flagship of the European squadron.

**CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY.**—According to the latest advices, the anti-Christian feeling in Turkey is gaining ground rapidly. The Porte is represented as being very uneasy about the supplies of arms and ammunition which have still to come from New York, and is very angry with America for allowing the Russian squadron to remain in American waters. The bad feeling there is increasing. A Turkish journal has actually advocated the massacre of the Christians. Mr. Layard, the English representative, has demanded explanations. Many Turks resent the idea even of a friendly occupation of Constantinople by the English, and say if England wants to help Turkey she should do so on the Danube or in Asia. There is great uneasiness among the European residents. Many have left and others are leaving. The Khédive's actions are watched very distrustfully. It is known that he has been tempted previously by Russia, and it is thought if the Turks suffer any important reverses the temptation will prove too strong for him.

**RESUMPTION.**—On May 12th, Secretary Sherman returned to Washington from this city after placing \$5,000,000 of the four and a half per cents. on the market, as a step towards resumption under the bill for resuming January 1st, 1879. The Secretary hopes to proceed under the bill without interruption. The country has reached hard-pan, prices are on a specie basis, and it would be little less than an act of cruelty not to take every step possible to relieve the people of the incubus of an irredeemable currency. His chief fear was of a false apprehension prevalent at the West, which had spread to other parts of the country, that by resuming the Government would strip the country of all its paper currency and leave nothing but gold and silver for the payment of debts and the transaction of business. Should this feeling take strong enough hold upon Congress, it might seriously embarrass the operations of the Administration. He saw no other reason to expect difficulty or delay. All the signs were good, and he proposed to go forward steadily.

**A LEGAL BLOCKADE.**—The courts of New York State are, at the present writing, in a very strange situation, and the Bar of this city has been compelled to hold a meeting to protest against the action of the Legislature with regard to the new Code of Civil Procedure, part of which went into effect on the 1st of the month. A more scandalous exposure of the condition of the administration of justice in a great mercantile community has probably never been made. It is an astounding fact that on the 1st of May, in a State which has been for the past thirty years engaged in the work of law reform, no person knew how he could summon any one against whom he had a claim into court; no one knew whether he could or could not make an arrest; it was impossible or futile to begin an action, and dangerous to take any step with a view to securing debts by attachment of property. This confusion of the law was suddenly thrown into by an act of the law-making body, which, without the faintest excuse, and in the teeth of strong expressions of public opinion, thus upset a system of practice itself the result of a carefully considered reform movement, and which had been in force so long that it was well understood by lawyers, and easily enforced by the courts.

**POSTAL PROBLEMS.**—The Post Office Department is deeply interested just now over the construction to be put upon the several Acts of the last Congress in relation to postage upon letters and packages relating to the business of the Government. The Post Route Act of March 3d provides that "it shall be lawful to transmit through the mail, free of postage, any letters, packages, or other matter relating to the business of the Government of the United States, provided that every such letter or package, to entitle it to pass free, shall bear over the words 'Official Business,' an indorsement showing also the name of the department, and, if from a bureau or office, the name of the bureau or office, as the case may be, whence transmitted." Another section of the same Act makes it the duty of the executive departments to provide themselves and their subordinate offices with the necessary en-

velopes. Several of the appropriation bills contain clauses making appropriations for and otherwise regulating the use of official postage-stamps by the several departments, one permitting the use of these stamps to the extent of the estimates submitted. It, however, happens that no estimate was submitted by the State Department for stamps. This envelope subject has given rise to a number of questions which Mr. Key now holds under advisement.

**THE CONQUERED INDIANS.**—The successful military operations against the Sioux having reduced those Indians to such a condition of poverty and submission that they now readily surrender arms and ask for peace, the President regards the present as a timely moment finally to settle the Indian question. For this purpose he recently directed General Sheridan, who commands the region inhabited by the hostile Indians, to confer with General Sherman and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as to the best method of permanently establishing the entire Dakota Nation at some readily accessible point on the Missouri River. The first conference was held. The consideration of the subject will be continued until a general plan shall be agreed on. The Indians living south of the Union Pacific Railroad are now concentrated on the Missouri, so that when the Sioux are removed the entire region westward to the Pacific Ocean will be open to settlement and civilization. This mode of finally disposing of the Indian question was attempted by President Grant, who appointed military officers to carry it out; but Congress passed a bill prohibiting military officers from performing these duties. The Sioux now feel assured that the country west of them is occupied by a people who will fight. In order to carry out this plan, Congress will be asked to make an appropriation for two or three years. At the expiration of this time it is believed that the Indians will be induced to keep their own herds of cattle, which will contribute largely to their subsistence.

**THE CHISOLM TRAGEDY.**—The story of the recent tragedy in Mississippi gives a dismal glimpse at the extent to which the vendetta is sometimes sustained outside of Corsica. It is evident that the tragedy was a climax of a long-standing feud between Chisolm and his followers upon the one side and the friends and numerous members of a family named Gully upon the other—a feud intensified of late years by political differences. We read of a street duel between an adherent of Chisolm and one of the Gullys, in which the former was injured and the latter killed. Then a man is shot by a follower of Chisolm, and a mob makes a bonfire of the latter's goods. Another man is shot; Chisolm running for Congress, is defeated, and procures the indictment of thirty-two political opponents for intimidating his negro supporters. Then, last December, a Gully was shot, not fatally, and on the 26th of last month was assassinated. The excited men who attended his funeral procured the arrest of Chisolm and several of his adherents on suspicion, perhaps wholly groundless, of causing his death. Then the mob attacked the jail, and in the mêlée which followed Chisolm was mortally wounded, a son shot dead, a daughter badly injured while defending her father, and three men killed. No "troops" could hinder affairs of this kind, and no policy of Government can at once put an end to them. They do not arise from any special feeling of hostility towards the negro, and political animosity is only one element, and frequently not the chief one, creating them.

**OUR NEUTRALITY.**—Official as well as private circles are considerably exercised just now as to the position which the United States holds with regard to the two European Governments which are at war. It is suggested that the Turkish Minister may have had a point in view when he informed the President, through the Secretary of State, of the declaration of war between Russia and Turkey, and the acknowledgment by the Secretary of State of such official announcement by reminding the Turkish Government of the obligations of the United States in the premises under existing treaties. The fact that the Russian Minister has not yet officially informed the Government of the United States of the beginning of war between Russia and Turkey, it is said, may involve this Government in serious difficulties unless steps are taken to avoid it. It is reported that the officers of the Turkish Government who lately arrived in this country have come here for the purpose of superintending the purchase and shipment of arms and other munitions of war, and that they are engaged in their mission. It is also rumored that the Russian Government has emissaries scattered along the coast who are in communication, by cipher, with the officers of the Russian fleet now in this harbor, and that they were instructed to keep a sharp watch on the movements of any vessels leaving the United States with arms or ammunition whose destination was Turkey, and to communicate the fact immediately to the commandant of the Russian fleet, so that one of the vessels might intercept her. If this ever occurs, the officials aver that then the United States will become responsible, and that this was the reason why the Turkish Minister was so prompt in communicating with the Secretary of State in order that he might demand redress.

**THE ARMY'S ESCAPE.**—The Army of the United States narrowly escaped being disbanded last week. The Cabinet had several discussions over the question whether it might not be wise, patriotic and expedient to decline to call an extra session of Congress altogether, and to permit the army to be disbanded. The argument of the members who favored this plan was substantially this: Congress, by its action in refusing an appropriation, had expressed its opinion that the army was not needed; that it would be becoming in the Executive to recognize this opinion and give it its full force; that the country was in a state of profound peace and about to enter upon a new era of prosperity; that the real theory of the American Republic is, that among its citizens are enough able, well-conditioned, obedient, loyal men, ready at any moment to spring to the defense of the country at the tap of the drum; that the Governors of the frontier States are quite willing and able to

protect their own frontiers without the army; that there is no national exigency which requires the existence of the army, and as there is no money to pay for its support, and Congress has not thought its services necessary, the President would inform the army that under the laws he has no service for them to do, and that so far as the Executive is concerned the army of the United States of America might cease to be. This plan was supported by Chief-Justice Carter of the Supreme Court of the District; and it is said that a vote was taken upon it in Cabinet, and that at least three of those present heartily favored it. The proposition was abandoned, however, and on May 9th the Secretary of War ordered 2,500 enlisted men of the army, enlisted for Indian service, to be discharged before July 1st, on account of the postponement of the extra session. Had the session been called on the 4th of June the discharges would not have been made for some months. This reduces the army to 25,000 enlisted men, as authorized by the Act of July 24th. The amount required to pay these men will be in the neighborhood of \$900,000, the average amount to be paid to each man being about \$350, on account of retained pay, clothing not drawn, and deposits made with paymasters, which draw 4 per cent. interest under a special Act of Congress.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

**PROFESSOR TAYLOR LEWIS**, of Union College, died.

**PRESIDENT HAYES** formally opened the Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia, on the 10th.

**GRAVE irregularities** were reported to have been discovered in the management of the New York Custom House.

**SECRETARY SHERMAN** refused to countenance any compromise with the convicted members of the whisky ring.

By an explosion in a colliery at St. Clair, near Pottsville, Pa., on the 9th, seven miners were killed and six injured.

On the 11th the walls of the Winnebago County Court House, at Rockford, Ill., tumbled down, and buried a number of workmen.

**ATTORNEY-GENERAL FAIRCHILD** accepted William M. Tweed as a witness in forthcoming lawsuits, and the prisoner will be released in a few days.

**ANNIVERSARY** meetings were held in New York City by the National Temperance Society, the American and Foreign Christian Union, and other societies.

The first annual bench show of dogs was opened at the Hippodrome, New York, on the 8th, and closed on the 11th. There were 1,300 dogs on exhibition.

A LIBRARY of 5,000 volumes was presented to Mr. Goshorn, Director-General of the Centennial Exhibition, by the citizens of Philadelphia, on the 11th.

**PROFESSOR J. G. BARTON**, of the College of the City of New York, committed suicide by swallowing sulphuric acid, at his home, Hamburg, N. J., on the 11th.

**EX-MAYOR LAMBERT**, of Brooklyn, was suspended from Dr. Cuyler's church for having defrauded his sister-in-law out of a large amount of funds held in trust.

The blame for the fatal accident at the New York Post Office was placed by the coroner's jury on A. B. Mullett, ex-Supervising Architect of the Treasury, and the Government agents generally.

**GOLD** kept quite steady last week in New York, the daily quotations being: Monday, 107½ @ 107½; Tuesday, 107½ @ 108½; Wednesday, 106½ @ 107½; Thursday, 107½ @ 107½; Friday, 107 @ 107½; Saturday, 107½ @ 107.

The Senate of New York passed the Omnibus Bill, and received a report from its special committee vindicating Mr. Woodin from the charges in the alleged Tweed confession. In the Assembly a bill for the reduction of taxation of national bank stock, and one to prohibit the sale of liquor to minors, were passed.

The steamer *City of Brussels* which sailed from New York for Liverpool, April 21st, carrying a party of pilgrims bound for Rome, was spoken, May 8th, in latitude 46.30 and longitude 41.13 west, 1,380 miles from the entrance of the Irish Channel. Her screw shaft was broken and the vessel was under sail.

#### Foreign.

**GERMANY** proposes to strengthen her garrisons in Alsace and Lorraine.

A ROYAL decree was promulgated in Madrid on the 7th, completely assimilating the Basque Provinces to the rest of Spain.

The Mexican Provisional Government ended, May 2d, and Porfirio Diaz was declared the constitutional President. He was inaugurated on the 6th.

The steamship *Dakota*, of the Williams & Guion Line, ran upon the rocks near Anglesea, on the north coast of Wales, on the 9th, and will prove a total loss. All the passengers and crew were saved.

The Transvaal Republic, South Africa, has been annexed to the British Empire, against the protest of President Burgers, who will send messengers, with full reports, to the United States and the European Powers.

A DECREE was published in Havana, declaring that all persons banished from the island for political reasons are pardoned without reserve. Property of deceased insurgents will be restored to their heirs, if they remain faithful to Spain.

**MR. GLADSTONE** presented his resolutions on the Eastern conflict in the British Parliament, in a modified form, on the 7th inst., and a great debate ensued. A public meeting was held in London to uphold his course, and on the 8th, 10th and 11th the debate in the Commons was adjourned.

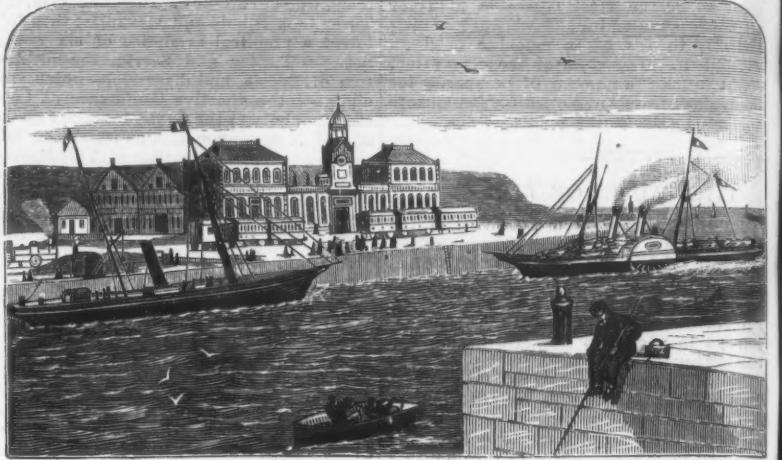
The Turks shelled Bechet, a town in Roumania, early in the past week, and were reported as having been defeated by the Rumanians before Kara. Later on, the Rumanians were said to have crossed the Danube, from Galatz, and had an encounter with the Bash-Bazouks; while on Saturday it was reported that the Rumanians had, after repeated firing, sunk the most powerful Turkish ironclad at Braila; and from their masked batteries at Oltenita set Tortokul on fire twice. Fighting was renewed in Asia Minor, near Batoum, with uncertain results. The Russian army on the Danube is rapidly getting into position, and is expected to cross west of Rastchuk and advance on Constantinople.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



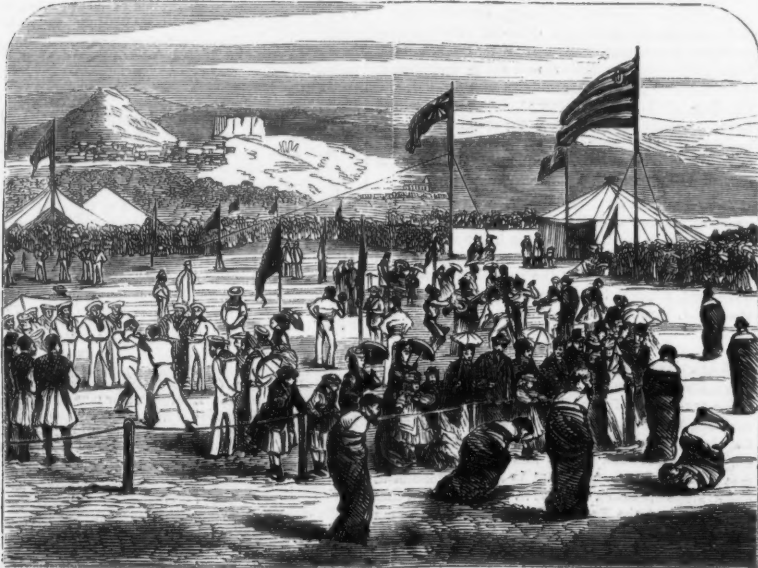
INDIA.—CONSECRATION OF TWO MISSIONARY BISHOPS IN CALCUTTA.



FRANCE.—THE NEW RAILWAY AND STEAMER STATION AT BOULOGNE.



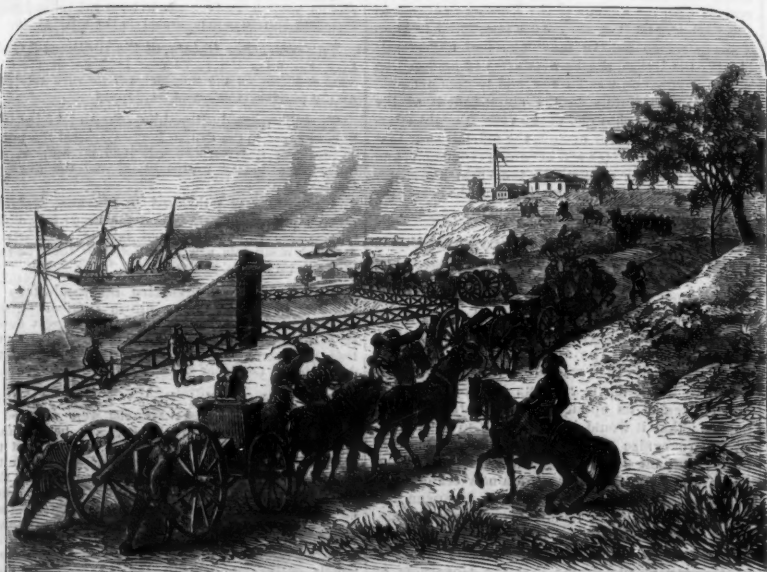
ROUMANIA.—PREPARING TO BRIDGE THE DANUBE FROM WIDIN TO KALAFAT.



GREECE.—MODERN OLYMPIAN GAMES AT ATHENS.



TURKEY.—READING WAR PLACARDS IN STAMBOUL.



TURKEY.—ARMING THE REDOUBTS AT RUSTCHUK, ON THE DANUBE.



GREECE.—SEARCHING FOR TOMBS ON THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE INAUGURATION, MAY 10TH, OF THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION, IN THE CENTENNIAL MAIN BUILDING—PRESIDENT HAYES DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

#### OPENING OF THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN the Centennial Exhibition was at the height of its success and glory, a number of the most prominent business men of Philadelphia determined to take steps to secure a permanent display of artistic, industrial and manufacturing specimens; and at the close of that great fair the Main Building was purchased for this purpose. Into this a vast collection of exhibits was arranged, and upon the anniversary of the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, May 10th, President Hayes declared the Permanent one opened for the inspection of the world. The heart of the new exhibition is the main transept running north and south, from which radiate the long avenues to the east and west. High up at the extreme north end of the transept is the

Roosevelt organ, its enormous width covering the centre portion of the wall, and from it tier after tier of steps, with row below row of chairs, lead down to the main floor. At the foot of this rising bank of organ seats—which, whenever required, will accommodate all the musical societies that can congregate in Philadelphia—was a platform arranged for the President of the United States, the Governor of the State, and prominent personages specially invited to take part in the Opening, and from one end to the other the galleries, pillars, roofing and cross-stays were tastefully decorated with the coats-of-arms and ensigns of all nations. Over each of the four openings of the transept's centre—or centre pavilion—hangs a huge work in bunting, representing one of the four continents of the world, and comprising the flags of its several nations surrounding some distinctive style of architecture on which are inscribed the names of their

most prominent men. America vaunts the names of "Franklin" and "Washington"; Europe claims as her greatest sons "Shakespeare" and "Charlemagne"; Asia leads us backward through the centuries with "Mohammed" and "Confucius," and Africa reminds us of the newness of our civilization by the grim sphinxes that repose upon the names of "Sesostris" and "Pharaoh." In the tower to the right of the organ-bank is the model of a brick house of the olden time, and in the left tower is a fruit-stall in an arbor fancifully constructed of pine and other cones. At the two corners of the north section where the transept is intersected by the main aisle are statues of General Scott and of Bismarck; in the centre is the great bronze statue of Victory, and beyond it are other familiar ones. In the south section are works of art and courts of exhibits, and to the right and left of this transept the branches of the main avenue, with others to

the north and south of them, stretch far off in the distance.

The famous First City Troop, which has acted as escort to all the Presidents who have visited Philadelphia, accompanied President Hayes and the Committee of Reception from the Continental Hotel to the Exhibition Grounds. His arrival was the signal for a salute of twenty-one guns from George's Hill, where the Keystone Battery was stationed. General Grant, who had previously arrived, under the escort of Mayor Stokley and the Committee of City Councils of Philadelphia, was heartily applauded. The front row of seats immediately facing the spectators was occupied by President Hayes, General Grant, Bishop Simpson, Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, General A. T. Goshorn, Secretary Evarts, Bishop Stevens, Joel J. Bailey, and Thomas S. Ellis. In the second row were seated Secretary Sherman, Hon. George



PENNSYLVANIA.—TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN THE WADESVILLE COAL-SHAFT AT ST. CLAIR, MAY 9TH—THE RELIEF PARTY SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOMAS LLOYD.—SEE PAGE 204.



El. Boker, United States Minister to Russia; Secretary McCrary, Mr. Webb Hayes, Secretary Devens, and Messrs. John S. Morton and Thomas Cochran of the Committee. Among the other distinguished gentlemen present, were Governor Bedle, of New Jersey; Lord Clarence Pigot, Admiral in the British Navy; Captain Nasserhoff, of the Russian frigate *Craysea*, and a detail of officers: Francis Beyer, delegate of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg; Count d'Assi, of Italy; Count de Galle, French Minister; Hon. William D. Kelley, George W. Childs, A. J. Drexel, and others.

"Hail to the Chief" was played as the President took his seat, and this was followed by a festival overture, rendered by the Exhibition orchestra, with organ accompaniment. The Right Reverend Bishop Stevens, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, offered a prayer. Clement M. Biddle, President of the Directors, spoke, in a brief address, of the plan and purposes of the new enterprise. Then Dr. Holmes's choral "Angel of Peace," to the music of Keller's American Hymn, was sung, and at its close all eyes were turned towards President Hayes. His part in the exercises was to proclaim the opening of the Exhibition. He arose, and was immediately applauded. Vainly did he endeavor to secure quiet, so that he might be heard. Finding this effort useless, he merely advanced to the front of the platform and said: "I now declare the International Exhibition for the season of 1877 open." It had been intended that he should at the same moment touch the key of a telegraphic instrument and start the machinery, but he neglected to do it. So great was the noise and confusion that the remarks of the President could not be heard by those who were within a few feet of him.

Hon. John Welsh, President of the Centennial Board of Finance, who had been selected to deliver an address, made a very short speech, which was cut short by the fact that few persons could hear what was being said. Following this was a chorus, entitled, "March of the Men of Columbia," the words by Professor Hugh A. Clark, of Philadelphia.

Hon. Alfred T. Goshorn, Director-General of the Centennial International Exhibition, was then introduced, and prepared to deliver a rather long address, but, like his predecessors, he shortened it considerably.

Whittier's Centennial Hymn, which was written for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, was given by the chorus, after which Right Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, pronounced the benediction. A rush was immediately made for the stand where the President and the distinguished gentlemen were, and it was with great difficulty that the crowd could be kept back for even a minute. General Grant came to the rescue, and, by his advice, President Hayes was taken in charge by the members of the committee, and escorted around the building.

## EDGED TOOLS.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE were not many words spoken by either as they trudged along the village streets, and out into the lanes beyond.

The bracing air, and the laughing tussles with her wanton drapery, and her usual happy knack of putting away disagreeable remembrances on the slightest possible encouragement, were reddening Miss Paget's cheeks, and making her look like her jolly little self again. And, as Caleb watched her, and heard her cheery talk and laughter, the pity he always felt for the brave little woman was very near warming into a stronger feeling still.

Surely, he thought, any change in the girl's life must be for the better. Even half a heart would be better than none to such a bright little sympathetic body, who was just the woman to make home a paradise to any fellow that treated her kindly, and who would adore her children, and henpeck her husband just in a pleasant degree. And then—it was while Miss Paget was unpacking her small store of wine and sago and tea in the last cottage they visited—it suddenly occurred to Caleb for the first time to wonder how it was that no other man had thought as he was thinking then.

"You poor little abused Mamey!" said Caleb, with sad tenderness. "The book of your life was meant to be bound in bright colors, and to have early mention made in it of wedding bells and a nursery. How came it to turn out so differently? Tell me the story from the beginning, will you?"

"From the beginning" means from the end of our well-to-do days, I suppose," sighed Mamey; for we had a home once, Mr. Halliday, Nat and I—a pretty sun-baked old rectory down in Midlandshire, where I can remember the warm smell of apricots ripening on the garden-wall, and a dazle of pink and crimson and purple flowers before my mother's window on the lawn, and little else."

"You were left alone so young as that?"

"Utterly alone. Some distant relatives of my father paid for my schooling, I believe. I never saw them—never went home for the holidays—never had a friend in my life, except Nat and—Lesley Bell. Isn't it a thrilling little history?"

Caleb looked at the girl with eyes of sincerest pity and regard.

"But he," he added, gravely—"the hero—at what chapter of the book did he first make his appearance?"

Mamey blushed again, brighter than any poppy. "He? Who?" she asked, uneasily. "What absurd notion have you got into your head now, pray?"

"A notion that pretty women were made to be loved, Miss Paget, and that other men have shared that opinion with me from time immemorial. Tell me about him, there's a good child," the young man urged, in his kind, rugged voice. "Where did you meet him, when did you meet him, and why didn't you trust to luck and marry each other?"

"What a nice little game to play!"

"Will you begin?"

"Of course I will. Why shouldn't I? I'm sure I don't know what business it is of yours, Mr. Halliday, but your audacity certainly deserves to be encouraged."

"All right—encourage me. What was his name?"

"His name was—and is, for that matter—George Vivian Norreys; but it don't express him in the least, and so"—there was a sob in Mamey's throat—"and so we used to change it to 'Tiney.'"

"I suppose he was six foot, by that?"

"Six foot one," corrected Mamey, proudly, raising her own little head a full inch higher,

"and as straight as one of those poplars, and as handsome and yellow-haired as a god."

"What was he?"

"Oh, dear! This part of the confession is awfully humiliating! George Vivian Norreys, for all his hero-of-a-novel kind of a name, is only a clerk, Mr. Halliday—a clerk in the office of my late employer, who was a ship-broker. He—George, I mean, not my master—has an invalid mother too, and a little sister who is being educated out of his poor salary, and—and, in fact, you have never met with such a happy, shabby, poverty-stricken family as they are altogether."

Mamey was laughing, but the tears were standing large and round in her dark eyes too. Caleb saw them roll over and splash heavily on to the neat, well-worn strings of her black bonnet, and he bit his lips to keep himself from kissing the poor little reddened eyelids, as he had often kissed Lucy's.

"My poor little woman," he said, in his tenderest voice—"my poor little Mamey, don't cry!" And he would there and then have taken the little laughing, sobbing figure in his arms and sealed their two fates, it is probable, for ever, when the sound of carriage-wheels coming along the dusky, deserted road startled them both, and compelled Mamey to try and control her shaken nerves, and mop up her tears with Caleb's handkerchief, which he pulled out of his coat-pocket before she could find her own.

"What a nice, rich handkerchief!" she said, still laughing hysterically. "It seems to me that no grief can be unendurable when people can afford such fine cambric to cry into."

"Hush!" said Caleb, kindly, watching the nearer approach of the carriage; and then the next moment he was standing hat in hand and shaking hands warmly with Mrs. Powlett, who was alone in the little Heycot brougham on her way from Bainbury Station to the house, and who looked from Caleb to his agitated, red-eyed companion, and back again, in considerable bewilderment.

"I had no idea I should be fortunate enough to find you still in Chanton," she said to Caleb, when Mamey had come forward and had shaken hands too.

"Still!" he echoed, laughing and coloring. "I am sorry to say this is my first visit for fifteen months. I have been too busy to think of fishing."

"Why, we have been away as long," said Mrs. Powlett; "and I am so glad to get back! I have had enough racketing to last me my life. Sir John declares that he can't endure London and visiting about any longer, so Lesley was obliged to give in."

"She didn't want to come down, then? I call that very unkind, when we are all dying to see her."

"Well, you see"—again Mrs. Powlett looked disturbed—"it was only natural at first that her head should have been turned by all the admiration she excited; and we had not the heart to expect her to give it up and go back to the old quiet life again. But now, of course, it is different."

"Why?" asked Mamey, bluntly.

"Oh, Lord Quallinghame will be with her, I mean, and a large party besides! I have only come on to prepare for their reception."

"Then the news is true that we have heard," said Mamey, quickly; "and we are to congratulate you for Lesley?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Dolly, surprised. "I thought you knew, of course. The marriage is fixed for November."

And then, while Caleb stood like a man in a dream, Mrs. Powlett declared that she had not another moment to spare, but that Mamey must come and see her, and hear all the town gossip—with which the window was pulled up, and Caleb's hat lifted again, and the carriage rolled away swiftly towards Heycot.

Silence had fallen again between Mr. Halliday and Miss Paget. Caleb had proposed turning back, and Mamey had consented with a nod; and so they were on their way home, but neither had found another word to say.

Lord Quallinghame! Lesley Bell was going to be married in a year—less than a year—to Lord Quallinghame! That was what he was saying to himself over and over again in a kind of stupor, as the March winds blew roughly in his face, and bent the trees with a desolate sound. "Lesley Bell is going to be married—going to be married!"

Only a few moments before he had believed that his regrets for the brief, bright Summer when he had learnt to love her were peacefully dead and buried, and would never rise from their grave of days and hours and months, to startle him with their ghostly glances. And now he knew that, if he had changed at all, it was only in loving Lesley more than ever.

"Mamey," he cried, suddenly, stopping in the darkening road, and lifting her two chill hands to his bearded lips, "you poor little child, look up at me and smile! That's right. You don't know what a rascal I have been."

Mamey looked up startled.

"You, Mr. Halliday?" she said, faintly.

"Yes," he answered, still clasping the two shivering hands in his great broad, warm, protecting palms. "I came out to-day intending to insult you by asking you to be my wife. Forgive me, Mamey! I know now what a miserable wretch I should have been if I had done it."

"And I—I was making up my mind to accept you," cried Mamey, with a rueful air, "and now you tell me you won't have me! Mr. Halliday, you have broken my heart!" and the girl broke into a long, jolly peal of laughter that startled a sleeping bird hard by in the hedge, and sent it flying up into the dusk with a flutter and a chirp.

"Kiss me, Mamey!" cried Caleb, catching her in his arms. "There is no one to see, and if there were, you might safely kiss your brother—for that is what I will be to you and to your gigantic Tiney. Dry your eyes, you pretty child; they shall never shed another tear for that good fellow, who will love you none the worse because he has loved his mother best of all."

"Mr. Halliday!"

"Call me 'Caleb'!" cried the young man, still

in strong excitement. "And give me Mr. Norreys's address. I am going to town to-morrow to carry him a message, dear, from you."

"Oh, Caleb! Caleb!" sobbed out little Mamey; and for the second time she was compelled to borrow Mr. Halliday's handkerchief.

Only this time she was paid for the loan with a kiss.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE lilacs were blowing above the sun-dial in Miss Bell's sheltered flower-garden, and the April airs were sweet with their odors.

Heycot had never looked greener or cooler, or more tempting, and it seemed a pity that there should be no one there to enjoy the tender Spring-time beauties of the old place.

For Mrs. Powlett had little time to devote to any such agreeable idleness, and, with Mrs. Butterby for aide-de-camp, was getting through prodigies in the way of various alterations in the neglected establishment, which were considered essential for the due reception of Lord Quallinghame.

At the end of June Lesley, who had, after all, contrived to put off the evil hour, was supposed to tear herself from the dear delights of London, and to spend the Autumn previous to her marriage as quietly as might be with her father and her lover.

Dolly dreaded to look forward any further than to that pleasant time of reunion. The loneliness she was enduring now—the echoing rooms of the old house, the silent gardens and deserted river—gave her a foretaste of what her own existence must surely be when her girl had left her, and had entered on the new splendid life that was awaiting her; and, though Lesley had often and often declared, since the engagement had been made known, with her arms round her faithful Dolly, that nothing should separate them, but that there should always be the very prettiest room in all Lesley's house—or houses—for her, and the same love and confidence and charming tyranny to make her happy, yet Mrs. Powlett knew that, in the natural course of things, these girlish dreams and promises could not be fulfilled; and so the future began to loom before her very dark and dismal.

She was to find a home certainly at Heycot for the rest of her life—that had been decided by Sir John and Lesley from the first moment Lord Quallinghame had declared himself and was accepted. But home without her willful, beautiful, golden-haired darling was no home at all to Dolly's tender old soul, and already the days hung heavy on her hands, in spite of all there was to do in Lesley's absence.

Well, it was in the time of lilac-blossoms and cool airs and twittering hedges, and Mrs. Powlett began to pause in her labors, and to be afraid she should soon find nothing else to do.

She had borrowed a big apron one afternoon—a silent, exquisite April afternoon—and was endeavoring to bid defiance to Satan and his designs upon idle hands by herself washing and dusting the curious old china in Miss Bell's *rococo* sitting-room.

A friend—Wops's tail was sufficient evidence of the fact; and in another moment he was skimming through the window and along the terrace. Dolly followed him, apron and all.

"May I come in by the window?" rang out Mamey Paget's cheery voice; and so the spell of silence was broken.

Mamey Paget had a new dress, and a smart little Spring bonnet and fresh gloves, and her face was like a bunch of scarlet poppies and ripe blackberries. Her white teeth flashed out of its pretty sombre tints with archest laughter; in her jolliest days Mrs. Powlett had never seen the little woman half so jolly, and she said to herself with a sigh that it was no wonder—Mamey might well be happy.

"What are you doing? Dusting china?" cried the visitor, energetically pulling off her gloves and tossing her bonnet on to the couch. "I'll help you—yes, I will, please. Never mind my dress—I can tuck it up—and I adore dusting. Besides, it will be such good practice."

Then Mamey began to laugh and to kiss Mrs. Powlett over and over again, and laid her dusky cheek against the woman's kindly face.

"Can't you guess?" she whispered. "Can't you guess without my telling you?" Kiss me, dear. You know I have no mother to kiss me, and I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

Then Mrs. Powlett did speak her little speech with a good deal of cordiality—but, there is no denying the fact, the words seemed to stick in her throat. She rated herself for the meanness inwardly.

"What is it I want?" she thought, sadly. "Two husbands for Lesley—or one for myself? That must be it!"

And so the two ladies recovered themselves, and set to work on the china, and the birds were singing more jubilantly than ever above Mamey's radiant, dark head.

"I wonder if I shall ever have any china to dust!" she cried, gayly. "I mean ornamental china—not counting the necessary cups and saucers which I suppose we must have to start with."

"My dear, I should think you could have exactly whatever you wished," returned Dolly, dusting away.

"I dare say I could. But that is exactly what I won't have. Why, Caleb would make the house into a perfect *bonbonnière*, if I would let him; and I tell him it would be ridiculous in our position."

"Your position—a newly-married couple! I think that is the very time a *bonbonnière* would be most desirable."

"But not for the wife of one of his clerks on six hundred a year."

"Whose wife? Whose clerk?" Dolly dropped the duster in despair. "My dear Mamey," she cried, "I am in the utmost bewilderment, as you can see, and all because you have not begun at the beginning."

Mamey laughed.

"When did a woman ever condescend to anything so prosaic?" she demanded, flourishing her feather-brush delicately round the intricacies of a jeweled tazza. "But of course I thought Nat had told you."

"He told me nothing—only hinted—and I took

it for granted, from—from what I had seen, you know, that you were going to be married to Mr. Halliday."

"To Mr. Halliday?"

"Yes. And, what is more, I wrote and told Lesley so."

"When?"

"Only yesterday."

Mamey sat down helplessly in the nearest chair, and broke into the longest, loudest, merriest peal of laughter that she had ever perpetrated. She laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks, and until she was obliged to hold her side from exhaustion, and until she could laugh no more. The very birds were startled into silence for the moment. Dolly looked on in patient bewilderment.

"Oh, do forgive me! I am horribly rude, I know," Mamey panted, at last; "but, when I think of all that might have been, and how very little inclined to laugh I should have felt if it had been, I cannot help it, really!"

And then, in a few words, Miss Paget told the true state of affairs, only omitting any allusion to the false position in which Mr. Halliday had so nearly placed himself and her on that memorable day in the lane.

"I'm sure, when I went out that afternoon, I had no idea of mentioning poor George's name," said the young lady, blushing. "Why, it was a secret even from Nat! But Caleb saw how unhappy I was, and he got it all out of me. You know what a good, noble-hearted fellow he is."

"Indeed, I do!" assented Dolly, with sad warmth. "And the next thing I heard was that he had seen George, and had a long, friendly talk with him, and found out what he was best fit for. You know," Mamey explained, proudly, "George is very clever about languages, and speaks German, in particular, like a native—and had offered him a berth as foreign correspondent in Halliday & Son's own office in Manchester, at a salary of six hundred pounds a year."

"It is just like him," sighed Caleb's most faithful friend.

"Six hundred pounds a year! Only think of it! Why, it's magnificent! George had only two hundred pounds with Gleason Brothers; and, you know, dear Mrs. Powlett, it is not easy to keep house and dress—even in Kentish Town—on two hundred pounds a year, when you have an invalid mother to support, who requires comforts, and a sister who has to be educated—is it?"

"No, indeed, my dear!"

"And that isn't all! Caleb is furnishing a little house in Manchester for us, by way of a wedding-present to me—a dear little, new, clean house all fresh chintzes and carpets and muslins. He says there shall not be such thing as a blue-and-yellow rose on one of the walls, or a scarlet sunflower on one of the carpets. Oh, dear, dear, I am so happy, Mrs. Powlett! I could kiss that dear, kind fellow's slippers with the greatest pleasure!"

"They are better worth kissing than some men's hands!" cried Dolly; and the two women exchanged sympathetic glances over their dusters.

"You know I can't believe it all yet," Mamey continued, "even now that I have been to spend a few days with Mrs. Norreys she has a spinal complaint, poor darling, and does the most lovely fancy-work you ever saw, all day as she lies on her sofa; and I have seen Rose too, George's sister—a tall, pretty girl, just like him, only so shy—and George was so happy and proud of us both when he took us to the Prince of Wales's Theatre one evening. But I cannot believe it all. I have to pinch myself every morning when I awake, so as to make sure that it is not a dream."

"What is that?" said Mamey, suddenly rousing herself from a rosy little dream of George over her plates and dishes. "A carriage? Oh, dear, Mrs. Powlett, I think I had better run away—look at my hands!"

And her nose, Miss Paget might have added, only she was not aware of the picturesque smudge which adorned that decidedly "tip-tilted" feature, as she peeped over Mrs. Powlett's shoulder into the quadrangle.

Instantly there arose a joyous barking and leaping of Wops and his brethren, and a running of grooms, and an unfurling of gates and carriage-doors, and a clear voice was heard asking eagerly for Mrs. Powlett, and a jolly voice greeting the smiling cap-touching retainers, and the yelping, baying, leaping dogs; and a tall, sallow, exquisitely-dressed man was seen to descend from the brougham with deliberate movements, and to take in the pretty, tranquil, disturbed scene with a long glance, as Dolly and Mamey rushed out, forgetful of aprons and smudges and tucked-up dresses, to greet the travelers with a delighted welcome.

Lesley had come home two months earlier than was expected. She had come home—a gracious, golden-haired woman, tall and fair as a lily, dressed in a marvelous French traveling-dress of violet and gray; and, holding out two little gray-gloved hands to pull Dolly and Mamey with her, she ran joyously into the house, with an eager series of questions and ejaculations and of expressions of delight at being home again.

Lesley had changed, Mamey saw at a glance—greatly changed. Her figure was fuller; her manner was a "grown-up" manner, and extremely charming; her every movement was graceful and finished. But her brilliant spirits seemed as brilliant as ever—her voice rang with the same delicious music.

"The dear, dear old room!" she cried, as she entered her own kingdom, where the china and *bric-à-brac* still lay on the table in beautiful, many-tinted confusion. "No, no, don't clear it away!"

"For Dolly would have rung for a servant. It will be delightful to have tea in the midst of such an artistic litter; and see what a choice of tea-cups and saucers it will leave us. Lord Quallinghame, do you mind sitting in this pretty confusion for once? Then, to reward you, I will introduce you to my pets, beginning with the prettiest of them all—Miss Paget, my bosom friend, and our curate's sister—Lord Quallinghame, Mamey, and how pretty you have grown, you spiteful child!"

Mamey lifted two embarrassed black eyes as she acknowledged the introduction, and saw a thin, thoughtful, bloodless-looking man, even older than



she had supposed his lordship to be, and with long, beautifully-shaped hands that looked exceedingly high-bred.

"And here are my canaries," Lesley went on, eagerly, trailing her gray skirts about the room from place to place. "Lord Quallinghame, this is Viva, the mother of every other bird in the room. Please kiss her; you see I do. She is used to that little attention from everybody—indeed I think she deserves it."

And while Lord Quallinghame was gravely bending his head over Viva's little bill, Miss Bell drew Mamey into a window close by, and began to whisper her congratulations.

"Dolly told me," she said, smelling daintily at the hyacinths in the tall jardiniere by which they were standing. "How I hope you will be happy! And—when is it to be?"

"That is not settled yet," returned Mamey, blushing and smiling. "And, do you know, I think there is some mistake."

"A mistake?" Lesley looked up surprised. "You don't mean that you are not going to be married after all?"

"Oh, yes, I hope so! But I think there has been a mistake in the man. I am not going to marry Caleb Halliday, you know, but one of his clerks."

"Oh, my poor hyacinths!" cried Miss Bell, with a little scream; and with rueful concern she began to examine the violet fringes of her sleeve.

In turning, the young lady had upset the tall, blue jar of hyacinths, and it had fallen through the window with a crash and a laugh from both the girls.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THERE were no more silent days after that at Heycot. Though the London season was at its height, Miss Bell contrived to keep the old house filled with a succession of visitors through the entire summer.

There were picnics and archery-meetings, and croquet-matches and boating-parties, and riding-parties and garden-parties, and all manner of country gayeties. There were crowds of bright faces, admiring faces and voices, and Lesley Bell was the queen of them all. For her was the most universal adoration, the choicest flowers, the most spirited partners and horses, and the loveliest dresses.

Sir John's jolly face looked on at her vagaries and caprices with a sort of bewilderment that it hurt Mamey Paget sometimes to observe. She could see that he was wondering at such moments what had become of his little fair-haired daughter of two years ago—of the chattering, simple maiden in her serge dresses and broad hats, who had used to ride and fish and romp with him in those days—and what queer magic it was which had changed her into this dazzling creature in the expensive Parisian toilets, who swept so superbly through life with a train of admirers following her steps, and poor Lord Quallinghame bound and chained beneath her small coquettish feet, the most helpless, hopeless captive of them all.

It seemed to Mamey—that shrewd, merry little observer at these Midsummer revels, where Miss Bell always insisted on her presence—that it would have been funny, had it not been so pathetic, to see that elderly man—that thoughtful, scholarly elderly man—following the young beauty about with his eyes and brightening up whenever she condescended to address a careless word to him in passing.

Miss Bell's own wedding was fixed for November. The accumulation of presents was already somewhat overwhelming, and the sight of the Quallinghame diamonds was really enough to make the mouth of the most strong-minded woman water in helpless admiration. There were the *trousseau* and a thousand things to occupy Miss Bell's time, but she declared that Mamey's sacrifice should be decked with the orthodox garlands, and be duly cried over, in spite of the after-ceremony. The one need not interfere with the other at all.

So at Heycot Miss Paget's wedding was to be. And Lesley asked, as Mr. Norrey's engagement with Gleason Brothers would be at an end early in September, when the foreign correspondent would be free to enter upon his new duties in the firm of Halliday & Sons, why should not that time be decided upon, and all suspense be at an end?

A fancy ball was to be the final winding-up of the Summer gayeties, and Miss Bell declared that she would make it as much talked about and as much sought after as if it had been given in Mayfair instead of in the country. People should come from London expressly for it, and then have to beg for invitations. But, to insure this enviable result, it was, of course, necessary that it should be well done.

The band and supper from town, of course—florists and decorators, too, to see to the floral arrangements—and the ferns and palms and huge blocks of ice with which the whole lower floor of the house was to be profusely ornamented. She would have the windows removed bodily from their sashes, and a lattice-work of real roses introduced in their stead. In fact—with a charming smile at Lord Quallinghame, who was bending in voiceless anxiety over her chair—as she had been denied all the pleasures of London this season, she would trust to Henry's—Lord Quallinghame's name was Henry—well-known taste and papa's equally famous liberality to make her country ball the success of the year.

(To be continued.)

## THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

## FIRST EXHIBITION.

THE first annual New York Bench Show of Dogs, given under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, was opened at the Hippodrome on Tuesday evening, May 8th. Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, delivered a brief address, only a few words of which were audible on account of the barking, snarling, and whining of the dogs. The attendance on the opening evening was estimated at about 12,000 persons, but upon the succeeding days this number of spectators was very largely increased. The Bench Show Committee consisted of Messrs. William M. Tuleston, C. Du Bois

Wagstaff, H. Walter Webb, Dr. W. S. Webb, Louis B. Wright and E. H. Dixon, and the work of judging began on the morning of the 8th.

There were 1,300 dogs, catalogued and divided into eight classes, embracing champion English setter-dogs and bitches (previous winners of a first prize); champion Irish setter-dogs and bitches; champion Gordon setters; pointer-dogs, of any weight; imported English setter-dogs and bitches that had never won a first prize; puppies of same breed under twelve months; native English setter-dogs and bitches; puppies of same breed under twelve months; imported and native Irish setters and puppies.

Among the most notable of the dogs exhibited were two deer-hounds, Oscar and Dagmar, bred by Queen Victoria from the late Prince Consort's famous breed, each three years of age, and valued at £10,000, and entered by T. Medley, of London. The Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald, rector of Cheadle, Cheshire, England, brought to this country the Irish setter, Rover, red, nine years old, brother to the celebrated Plunket, and valued at £10,000. He also exhibited two St. Bernards: Mungo, aged two years, worth £100, and Neva, five years, worth £25. None of his dogs were entered for competition for prizes. Another St. Bernard, Lion, red, four years, imported from Switzerland, and valued at £250, was exhibited by D. P. Foster, Jr., of New York City. John E. T. Grainger, of New York, sent an imported English setter-bitch, Nelly, red and white, age ten years, and valued at \$5,000; J. W. Jones, Plainfield, N. J., a Siberian bloodhound, Bruno, gray and black, six years, and worth \$150; John Matthews, New York City, a bull-dog, Duke, white, valued at \$1,000; Miss Bessie R. Webb, New York City, a pug, Rex, ten months old, and marked at \$1,000; and Andrew Wagner, New York, a brown bitch, Nellie, two years old, born with two legs only, and valued at \$100. The deer-hound, Oscar, took the second prize for his class; the St. Bernard, Lion, the first; the Siberian bloodhound, Bruno, the first; the bull-dog, Duke, the first; and the pug, Rex, the first.

Of the various prizes offered there were six elegant cups, manufactured by Tiffany & Co., the well-known silversmiths of New York City. This firm presented one for the best setter of any class. It is eighteen inches in height, flanked by palm-leaves and embellished, in relief, with a brace of hunting-dogs on the body of the cup, and a well-conceived model of a setter on the lid. The New York Association for the Protection of Game offered one for the best brace of setters; Mr. Dudley Alcott, for the best English setter by an imported dog out of a native bitch; General A. S. Webb, for the champion pointer-bitch; Mr. F. O. De Luze (a massive two-handled cup, elaborately chased), for the best English setter; and Colonel LeGrand Cannon, for the best pointer brood-bitch. For the best Irish stud dog, a vase of the Louis XVI. style was given. All the cups are mounted on ebony bases, and five bear shields engraved with the monogram of the Westminster Club and the date of the show, with an ornamental space for the winner's names.

## HAIL TO THE KING!

## FIRST TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF MOMUS INTO HIS CAPITAL OF GOTHAM.

THE preparations for the first official visit to the City of New York of his jovial majesty, the King of the Carnival, were perfected with much more success and encouragement than was anticipated when the announcement of his contemplated visit was made public. It had been thought impossible to render him the homage which the glory of his reign, the benignity of his personal character, the extent of his sovereignty and the wholesomeness of his mission on the earth demanded. On the other hand, as the public ceremonies which the Queen of England, until the death of the Prince Consort, was wont to inaugurate in her great capital, were known to attract thousands of her loyal subjects from afar, and bring much profitable joy to certain of her people who dealt in the commodities necessary to render the real hosts presentable in appearance to her Majesty, it was claimed that a befitting reception to the King of the Carnival would have a similar effect upon his dutiful people in the great metropolis of New York.

In accordance with the instructions conveyed by his Lord Chamberlain, the officers of the railroad and steamboat lines placed their cars and ships at the disposal of those loyal people whose estates lie beyond his capital, at prices which would insure a large and general pilgrimage. At the same time cunning artisans, tasteful haberdashers, armorers, and purveyors of everything requisite for the comfort of the King, his courtiers, high officers, and the thousands anxious to do him honor, were put to work upon the Royal Palace on Fourth and Madison Avenues. It was speedily rendered even more beautiful than it had been when less distinguished acions of royalty had held court there. Likewise did those who work by the hand, prepare for his Majesty exhibitions of the methods by which their various arts are deftly plied, and pass them before his enraptured gaze, while yet the sun was investing the royal court with a sheen of warmth and brilliancy.

Rex arrived at the Custom House dock on the *Thomas Colyer*, and after he assumed command of his army, the line was as follows: Up Broadway to Fourteenth Street; to east side of Union Square; to Seventeenth Street; then by the grand stand in review; thence to Broadway; to Twenty-third Street; up Fifth Avenue to Forty-second Street; down Forty-second Street to Rossmore Hotel, where the pageant was disbanded. The King entered the hotel and remained there until the evening, when he again took personal command of his loyal followers.

It was in the evening, however, after the fatigue of the day's duties was soothed away, that the King held his peculiar and most gorgeous reception. His subjects honored him with a second demonstration, more brilliant than had ever been conceived for the pleasure of mortal man in the metropolis. Allegory, revelry, jollity, and the utmost hilarity, besides rich costumes, and various professions, in works of fire, of joy and loyalty, were seen throughout the capital of Gotham.

The floats were constructed in the Manhattan Market building, on Thirty-fourth Street and Tenth Avenue, and were remarkably elaborate in detail and finish. They were seen to good advantage by reason not only of the enormous number of torches, flambeaux and red lights carried in the procession, but of forty powerful calcium lights distributed judiciously along the remarkable pageant.

The procession started from the Rossmore Hotel, and proceeded up Forty-second Street to Fifth Avenue; down Fifth Avenue to Waverley Place; up Waverley Place to Broadway; up Broadway to Fourteenth Street; round by the east side of Union Square to Seventeenth Street, where a grand review was had again in the plaza; up Broadway to Twenty-third Street, and then to Gilmore's Garden, where the ball eventuated.

The floats formed in line as follows: First the King's chariot, accompanied by twelve lancers on horseback, beef-eaters, household attendants, pages, and two hundred valets. "The King's Wine House" followed, and then "Falstaff and his Merry Friends." On this float was an inn; Falstaff sat outside quaffing wine from a ponderous beaker. "America as it Was" was represented on the next float. This float was a work of art. Upon a bank, with trees and shrubs, was shown an Indian wigwam. Groups of Indians stood eagerly watching something in the distance, and upon the bank was the chief, pointing at the approaching vessel, on board of which were Columbus and his band of adventurers. Another float represented De Soto sitting upon a horse, with his Spanish and Indian companions by his side, and standard firmly planted in the ground. In "Putnam's Call" the old man was seen with his two-horse plow, a cottage in the distance, and Paul Revere the scout coming in with news of battle and defeat.

There were tableaux of the "Boston Tea Party," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Washington and Lafayette at Valley Forge," the "Capture of Major André," "Commodore Perry at the Battle of Erie," from Powell's painting; the "Battle of New Orleans," from Carter's picture, showing General Jackson mounted and surrounded by his soldiers; and other subjects connected with the history of the United States and America. The "Soldier's Dream" was a very powerful subject for a float near the end of the allegorical part of the procession. The groundwork of the float represented a strip of greenward with a low, abrupt mound, on which a weary soldier reclined beside a low camp-fire. At the end of the float, supported by props that were invisible, was a square room where, before a fireplace, an old man was reading a letter to a young woman and two children. The framework of the room, which was open on three sides, was outlined to represent a cloud, and was gilded.

Upon the rear of the float, designed to illustrate "Reconciliation," was a temple, beneath the canopy of which were figures representing "America," "Liberty" and "Justice." Directly in front was a cluster of thirteen young ladies—one for each of the original States—while the immediate foreground was laid off as a camp-scene, wherein a Union and a Confederate soldier were seen shaking hands.

## The Growth of San Francisco.

THE new San Francisco Directory, just published, contains 100,850 names, which, estimating that each name represents three in population, would give the actual population of the city as 302,550. Of this number 32,000 are Chinese, and the increase in population during the past year has been about 11 per cent. There were 1,600 new buildings erected during the past year, 33 of which cost \$8,500,000. The aggregate amount expended for improvements during the year, including public parks, streets, etc., was \$10,000,000. There are now 27,000 buildings comprised within the city limits, of which 4,390 are brick. The post-office delivered last year 5,455,846 letters and received 5,452,838 letters, and 800,000 postal cards were collected and 850,000 delivered. The average daily attendance on the public schools last year was 22,761, an increase over the previous year of 2,301, while 34,023 scholars are enrolled in all the schools. The total expense of maintaining these schools was \$857,754, an increase of \$169,309 over the previous year, and the estimate for the ensuing year is placed at \$870,000. The total value of school property is \$2,505,500.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

## Consecration of Bishops at Calcutta.

On Sunday, the 11th of March, a large congregation assembled in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Calcutta, to witness the interesting ceremony of the consecration of two missionary Bishops, the Rev. Dr. E. Sargent and the Rev. Dr. R. Caldwell. The service was commenced by a procession, consisting of the choir, vergers and about twenty clergymen, followed by the Archbishop of Calcutta, the Bishops designate, the Bishops of Colombo, Bombay and Madras, each accompanied by his chaplain and the registrar of his diocese, and finally Dr. E. R. Johnson, the Metropolitan, attended by his chaplain. The Bishops-designate were conducted to the vestry by the cathedral chaplains, where they put on the quaint vestment, the rochet. The Metropolitan took a seat in front of the Communion Table, and the Bishops of Bombay and Colombo, meeting the Bishops-designate at the chancel steps, presented them to the Metropolitan. The Queen's Mandates and the Commissions of the Archbishop of Canterbury with regard to Dr. Caldwell and Dr. Sargent were then separately read by the registrar, and both took the oath of obedience to the Metropolitan and the Bishop of Madras. Then came the Litany; and while another hymn was chanted the Bishops-designate again retired to the vestry for the purpose of robing themselves. Upon their return the act of Consecration, in which the whole of the Bishops joined, was performed. The Communion Service was then proceeded with, and the "Nunc Dimittis" brought the impressive ceremony to a conclusion.

## The New Landing at Boulogne.

In January, 1876, the railway station at Boulogne, on the route between London and Paris, was destroyed by fire. It has been replaced by a handsome new structure, occupying the same site as the former one. The new edifice is built of stone, brick and iron, and has a frontage of 240 feet, with two lofty wings. The through trip between the two capitals is now made by the Boulogne route in nine and a quarter hours, and during the year 1876 it was traveled by 125,945 Continental tourists.

## Turkish War Scenes.

We present in our foreign pictures in this issue several sketches representing incidents connected with the active measures the Turks are taking to oppose the Russian invasion. The River Danube protects the Turkish frontier for over three hundred miles, like the deep trench of a fortress. The Turks, therefore, have strengthened with guns and earthworks all crossings over that river between Widin and Cernavoda. Warships with provisions and ammunition have been sent to the different Turkish citadels and forts on the Danube, and the most important of them, as Widin, Rustchuk, Nikopolis, Silistria, Hirsova and Tulceha are said to be well armed with the best guns, and provisioned in such way that the garrison can withstand a siege of some duration. During the last six months over five hundred heavy Krupp guns were put in position at the different fortifications on the Danube, besides the old guns that have been there for years. In addition to this the Turks intend to occupy Kalafat, in Roumania, where, if the Russians should take it, the Turkish fortress Widin would be very much endangered. One of our illustrations shows monitors and other war-vessels preparing for building a bridge across the Danube from Widin to Kalafat. "Reading war-placards in Stambul," is a common scene of the present crisis.

## Olympian Games at Athens.

On Easter Monday the crew of the British ship *Research*, which lay at the Piræus, engaged in some sports which afforded amusement to upwards of three thousand Greeks, including the King and his Court. As many trains were run between the Piræus and Athens as the line would permit, thus pouring on to the course an unceasing flow of Athenians, until 2 P.M., when the King of Greece, accompanied by the Minister and a large number of English from the British Legation and residents of Athens, honored the course with his presence, where he was received and escorted to the royal tent, in front of which he is standing as represented in the sketch. The usual programme for athletic sports was then gone through, and in the picture we see the sack race, which was the most popular race of the afternoon. A glorious sunshine enlivened the scene, and the well-known Acropolis was gazing down—almost reflecting its glistening pillars of marble in the blue waters of Phalerum Bay, immediately at hand. The King remained during the whole programme, and expressed his thanks amidst three cheers from the officers and seamen.

## Tomb-hunting in Greece.

The wonderful discoveries which have been made of late years of antique remains in the long-forgotten tombs of Greece have incited the native population to active efforts in the prosecution of similar investigations on their own behalf. Their labors are usually rewarded with trophies of more or less value, though it is believed that the most important depositories have been thoroughly ransacked by Schliemann and his colleagues. One of our foreign pictures represents a party of native laborers thus digging among the tombs of their classic ancestors for such relics of antiquity as will find a ready sale to museums or private collectors.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A UTICA man twenty years ago stamped his name upon a silver quarter. Last week he received back the identical piece in change.

—SEVERAL flocks of sheep, each numbering 20,000 or more, have started from Ventura County, Cal., to cross deserts and reach Texas, where there is better pasturage.

OVER 9,000 horses, 643 asses, and 35 mules were eaten in France last year. The first horse abattoir was established in 1866, and the consumption has since increased yearly. A healthy carcass is worth \$40.

—A CHICAGO merchant, who knows more about grain and pork than foreign affairs, was asked recently what he thought of the "Eastern Question." He hesitated a moment, and then said, with a wise air: "Well, I am a Western man." He evidently means to stand by his section.

—A TYPE foundry in St. Paul has lately furnished the types for the *Framvart*, an Icelandic newspaper to be published in the Iceland colony at Kewatin, on the Red River in British territory, about sixty miles from Fort Garry. This will be the first newspaper published on the American continent in the Icelandic language.

—TWENTY years ago a poor operative in one of the Holyoke mills lost two or three fingers of one hand, and his fellow workmen raised a purse of some \$300 for him. With this he bought a bowling-alley, and, having a good business, invested a few hundred in High Street land. That land is now worth \$20,000, and he is rated at about \$50,000.

—THE active eruption of Vesuvius is increasing slowly. During the night, the reflection of the fire is visible on the abundant volumes of smoke that issue from the crater. Near the new opening are heard frequent subterranean rumblings. The smoke is impregnated with acids to such an extent that the vegetation near the scene of eruption has been much injured.

—AN enterprising speculator has purchased Mansfield Island, an islet in Lake Erie, which he proposes to devote exclusively to the cultivation of cats. He will stock it with, say, a thousand toms and tabbies, and bid them increase and multiply; then, when the stock needs thinning out, he will proceed to take the nice lives of as many as may have ripened, utilizing their skins and intestines for commercial purposes.

—A BALLOON ascent was made at Toulouse recently. The aeronaut, M. Blanchard, rose to the height of 3,000 metres, and alighted on the road to Castres, a few miles from the starting point. He had, however, scarcely reached the ground when the peasants, who had been watching the descent, rushed at the car and plundered it of everything it contained—barometer, thermometer, anchors, ropes, and even the bags of ballast.

—THE negotiations entered into for the admission of Victorian barristers to the English Bar on easy terms have been concluded for the present. Through the instrumentality of an eminent member of the Colonial Bar the Inns have agreed to recognize the claims of the Victorian Bar so far as to dispense with the preliminary examination, and to require attendance for six instead of twelve terms as a preliminary to being called to the English Bar.

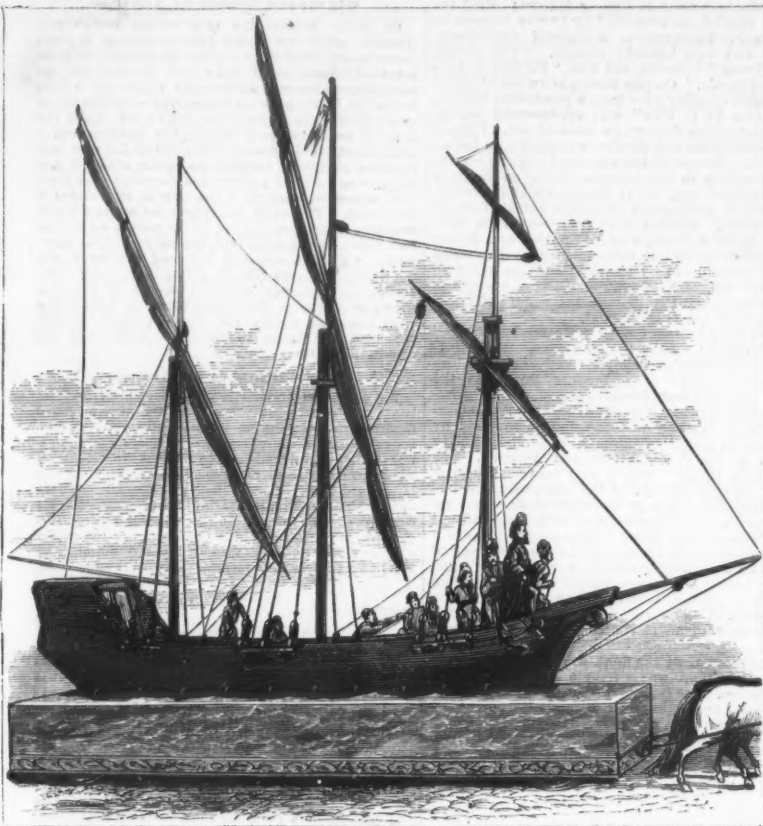
—A PROTESTANT residing near Bordeaux has just died. The Mayor, a Catholic, had his grave dug in a part of the cemetery appropriated to murderers and suicides. The Consistory complained to the Prefect, who ordered that the corpse should be exhumed and interred in another spot. The Mayor dared not disobey the Prefect, but perversely had the removal effected in the dead of night. This affair is making a great stir in Bordeaux.

—THE Pope has given strict orders that for the grand religious functions which will be celebrated in St. Peter's on the 3d of June, admission will be obtained only by ticket, so as to exclude unwelcome visitors, particularly the *corps diplomatique* accredited to the Quirinal. That body has instructions from the various Governments to be at its post until the Holy Father dies, even should the event be postponed to the Autumn, when the malaria is most prevalent.

—THE red fish of Wallows Lake, California, are described as being blood-red in color, very fat and weighing about eight pounds, and are preferred, when taken, to salmon. It is said there are only four lakes known in which this fish are found—Payette, in Idaho, a lake in Maine, one in Scotland, and Wallows Lake. A company engaged in commercial fishing on the latter frequently bring in a ton of red fish at a haul, with a seine of medium length. Lake Wallows is two thousand feet deep, and the fish suddenly appear on the surface in August and disappear in December.

—A PROPOSAL to reduce the week from seven days to five, and to rename the days, comes from Australia. Mr. H. K. Rusden, the author of this scheme, expresses the opinion that, while reducing the number of the days of the week, it would be a good opportunity to discard the present pagan names, and to substitute Onesday, Twoday, Threeday, and Fourday for them—Sunday to be called Goodday. The author is very sanguine as to the success of his proposal, and answers the plea of impracticability with the remark that "the week itself was actually altered by the Romans, Greeks, and many other peoples; and, in fact, as there is no record of any attempt to alter the week having ever failed, the allegation of impracticability is so far proved to be utterly baseless."





COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.



AMERICA AS IT WAS.

## FATAL EXPLOSION IN A COAL-MINE.

AN explosion occurred in the west gangway of the Wadesville shaft at St. Clair, a mining town of about five thousand inhabitants, situated three miles from Pottsville, Pa., at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 9th. In a moment all was excitement. Every soul in the place flocked to the mouth of the shaft. The women were wild with grief, and called upon husband, father and brother to give some token of their existence. At last a miner or laborer, who had witnessed the explosion, was drawn up in the cage. To the anxious crowd he told his story, but beyond the fact that he had seen the explosion and heard the coal and timbers falling, he knew nothing. Immediately a band of volunteers offered their services to effect the relief of the missing men, and soon disappeared from view.

At eleven o'clock the signal to hoist slowly was given. Slowly the rope wound itself around the huge drum, and slowly the cage approached the mouth of the shaft. At last it appeared at the surface, and with a load. In the crowd that filled it were the living and the dead. Two men, named Jones and Reese, were picked up insensible, but still alive, some hundreds of yards from where the explosion had taken place, and near them had been found the dead bodies of John Durkin and William Kirke. The two latter were crushed in a fearful manner, and must have been killed instantaneously. On the second trip five men were rescued. Another trip was made, but the men came back with the information that the other missing men were cut off from



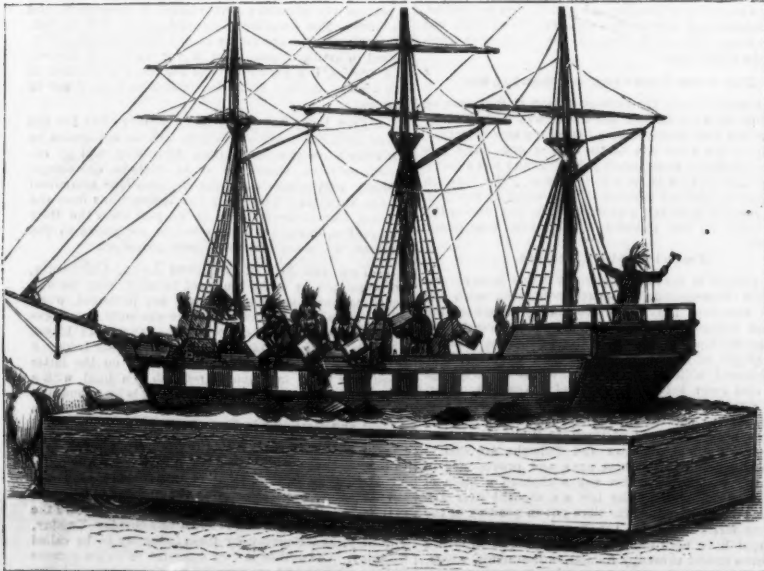
RECONCILIATION.

communication with the rest of the mine by a fall of coal. This fall of coal was estimated to contain fifty wagon-loads, or 200 tons, and a gang of men was put to work, clearing away the timbers, and with pick and shovel removing the barrier of coal.

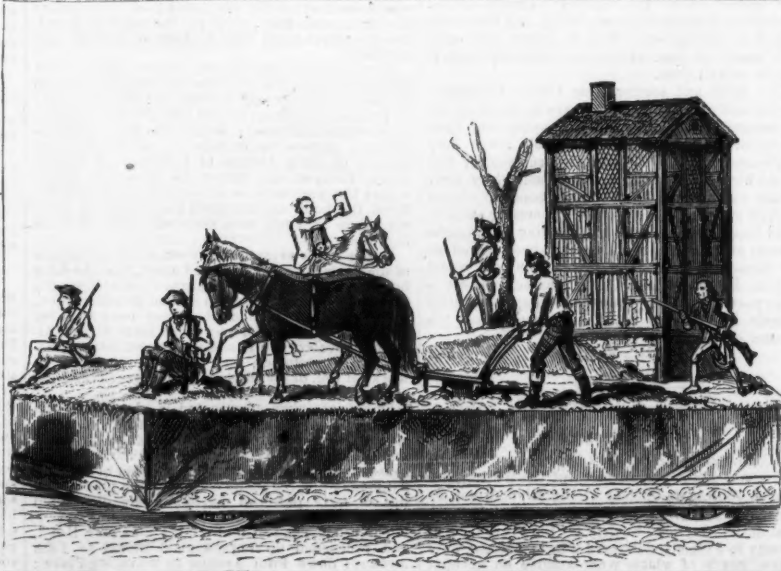
After working two hours they discovered the leg of a man protruding from the mass of anthracite. Carefully they relieved the mangled body of the weight that had crushed life out of it, and at last were enabled to lift a body that at the time was not recognizable. The next body recovered was that of Herbert Moore.

The bodies of the only men then missing were not found until early the following morning. Altogether eight men were brought out alive, but injured, one of whom died shortly after, and six were brought out dead. The explosion, though not widely felt, was powerful in its immediate results. Doors, batteries, heavy supports, and masses of coal and rock, were thrown violently out of place. At the time of the explosion the men were working near a breast chamber which they had been warned was dangerous, not using the safety-lamp, but carrying uncovered lamps. In the top of this chamber was the dangerous sulphur-gas, waiting only to be touched by fire to cause an explosion. A fall of rock precipitated this gas upon the lamps, the explosion came, and seven deaths are the result of carelessness.

Coroner Quail began his inquest on the morning following the accident, and, after taking some testimony, adjourned it until May 13th. Work was generally suspended until after the funerals of the victims, and steps were promptly taken to raise funds for the relief of the widows and orphans.



THE BOSTON TEA-SHIP.



GENERAL PUTNAM'S CALL FROM THE FLOW.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE INAUGURATION OF THE METROPOLITAN CARNIVAL—SOME OF THE CARS AND FLOATS PREPARED FOR THE PROCESSION ON THE EVENING OF MAY 15TH.—SEE PAGE 203.



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NEW YORK CITY.—THE METROPOLITAN CARNIVAL, MAY 15TH.—THE PROCESSION AT NIGHT—KING REX HARI  
PURVEYOR OF WINES, MAMELUKE SING





REX HARIOT, SURROUNDED BY HIS BODY-GUARD, PRECEDED BY THE BEEF-EATERS, AND FOLLOWED BY THE  
LUKESING MADISON SQUARE.—SEE PAGE 203.









GENERAL VIEW OF THE BENCH SHOW IN THE HIPPODROME, ON THURSDAY, MAY 10TH.



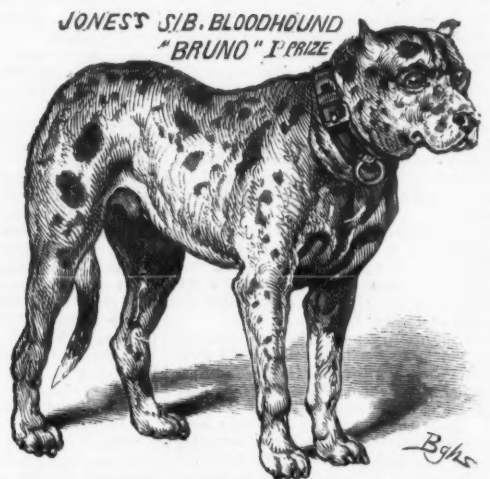
"DAGMAR" "OSCAR"  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEER-HOUNDS, VALUED AT \$100,000.



D.P. FOSTER'S  
"LION"

"MUNGO"

THE REV. MR. MACDONNA, WITH HIS DOG "MUNGO."



JONES'S SIB. BLOODHOUND  
"BRUNO" 1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE

MR. JONES'S SIBERIAN BLOODHOUND "BRUNO."



MR. MACDONNA'S  
"ROVER" \$50,000.00



JNO. MATHEWS'S  
"DUKE"  
\$1000.00

JOHN MATHEWS'S "DUKE," VALUED AT \$1,000.



MR. JOHN E. T. GRAINGER'S SETTER "NELLY" AND HER PUPS,  
VALUED AT \$5,000.



WAGNER'S  
"NELLIE"

MISS B. WEBB'S  
"REX"  
\$1000.00



ESQUIMAUX  
DOG

TWO-LEGGED DOG.—PUG "REX."—THE ONLY ESQUIMAUX IN THE SHOW

NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIRST ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF DOGS, AT THE HIPPODROME, MAY 7TH TO 11TH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.  
SEE PAGE 203.



## A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago we walked the woods,  
A year ago to-day;  
The lanes were white with blackthorn bloom,  
The hedges sweet with May.

We trod the happy woodland ways,  
Where sunset lights between  
The slender hazel-stems streamed clear,  
And turned to gold the green.

Thrushes sang through the cool green arch,  
Where clouds of wind-flowers grew;  
That beauty all was lost to me  
For lack of love to you.

And you, too, missed the peace which might  
Have been, yet might not be,  
From too much doubt and fear of Fate,  
And too much love of me.

This year, oh, love, nothing is changed,  
As bright a sunset glows;  
Again we walk the wild, wet woods,  
Again the bluebell blows.

But still our drifted spirits fall  
Spring's happiness to touch;  
For now you do not care for me,  
And I love you too much!

## BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY BURKE O'FARRELL.

## CHAPTER XXV.—THE INFIRMARY BALL.

THE Infirmary Ball at Knewstubb was fixed to come off on the 4th of January. It was an annual affair, only second in splendor to the Hunt Ball (which, being an invitation affair, was entirely in the hands of "the nobles"), and was considered by the inhabitants of the little market-town to be the most important event of the whole year, next to the great cattle-fair at Martinmas and the "Moss."

Though not so aristocratic and exclusive as the Hunt Ball, it was generally very successful, being attended by all the townspeople, got up in their most gorgeous style, and patronized by a very fair sprinkling of the county families, whose august presence was absolutely necessary to make the ball go off well, although they caused heartburnings and malice and envy enough amongst the "middle classes" by reason of their airs and exclusiveness; brothers having even been known to dance with their own sisters when there were no other available partners to be found amongst their own set, while the fairest of the Knewstubbian belles could not draw one supercilious male across the invidious chalked line which some audacious person or persons unknown had drawn across the floor.

This year it was prophesied that the Infirmary Ball would be a grander affair than usual, as the names of Madame la Duchesse d'O., the most noble Marchioness of Aylesford and Lady Diana Charteris headed the distinguished list of lady patronesses. Captain O'Reilly and old Bentinck Craven were amongst the stewards, and that most popular nobleman, the Duke of Kingstown, had good-naturedly consented to sacrifice his feelings and become master of the ceremonies. As for Mr. Fiennes, he had politely but steadily refused all proffered honors from the first, and had declined to make himself in any way conspicuous, thereby bringing down on his devoted head the execrations of the worthy citizens, who did not fail to compare his behavior with that of their favorite the noble M. F. H., who hunted his own pack, and gave them the benefit of it gratis and for nothing.

On the morning of the 4th, Mr. Fiennes rode over to Heronsmere in the forlorn hope of getting a few words in private with Lady Diana, who had not chosen to appear when he called a few days before to inquire after the ladies, after the evening spent at Fiennes Court.

He found the drawing-room full of visitors; the Vaughans, Northcote Smythes, and the old dowager countess—one of those starched, elderly patricians, under whose hooked nose Miss Skinner had paraded him on the eventful day of the skating-party. Lady Diana, half reclining on a large sofa by the fire, was engaged in a very animated discussion on the subject of last Monday's run with Captain Vaughan (a slight, supercilious-looking man in the Second Life Guards) and Lord Redesbrooke. She was not looking well, though, in spite of the unusual brightness of her eyes and the flush on her fair cheeks; there was something languid, yet feverish, about her, and when Mr. Fiennes had paid his respects to Mrs. Craven and the other ladies (Lady Cecilia was kind enough to remember him on this occasion), he went up, with all a lover's anxious solicitude, to ask her how she was.

She looked up in haughty astonishment, however, at his inquiries after her health, and replied, with chilling coldness, that she was perfectly well and had never been otherwise, after which she renewed her conversation with Captain Vaughan, who was quizzing everybody that had appeared at the meet with haw-haw insolence, much to the amusement of honest Cecil, and also, it appeared, of her ladyship, for both of them were laughing heartily. So Mr. Fiennes went away again, and sat down quietly by Lady Aylesford, while Mrs. Craven, who had been jealously following his movements with her sharp eyes, determined in her own heart that she hated him more than ever.

Mr. Fiennes was not the man to wear his heart on his sleeve for the world to comment on, and count its pulses; he was far too proud and sensitively reserved for that. Neither was he the man to lay it in the dust for a coquette to amuse herself by trampling on; and passionately, unspokeably, as he loved Lady Diana, he would not give her the cruel triumph of seeing how deeply he was wounded by her conduct. So he remained quietly talking to Lady Aylesford in his pleasant, manly tones, bleeding inwardly, yet making no sign, suffering as only the strong know how to suffer, yet smiling still with Spartan heroism; and even she, who in her own exacting tone, and the causeless jealousy born of it, sat there and tried to wound him by every means in her power, never guessed the anguish he was enduring so

calmly, with that grave expression of courteous attention shining over his grand, dark features.

In a few minutes the visitors rose to leave, and soon after they had gone, Mr. Fiennes rose to take his departure also. He said Good-by to Lady Aylesford and Mrs. Craven, and then approached Lady Diana, who was playing with a fan of Indian feathers, and humming a little air in nervous bravado quietly to herself, striving hard not to overdo her air of indifference.

"Good-by until to-night, Lady Diana," he said, taking her hand softly in his own, almost, it seemed, in spite of herself. "Will you remember your promise?"

The bright flush deepened in her fair cheeks, her lips trembled for a moment, and she dared not raise her eyes to his dear face, as he still held her small hand folded so tenderly in his own.

"I—I always remember my promises and fulfill them," she said, struggling for composure.

"Do not fulfill this one against your will," he said, quietly. "I do not wish to exact anything." The next moment, however, he repented his words. "Forgive me, dear Lady Diana," he murmured—"forgive my impatience."

"I have nothing to forgive," returned her ladyship, very coldly; and the next moment he was gone.

"Diana, I really wonder how you can allow Mr. Fiennes to behave like that," said Mrs. Craven, with an angry glare in her cold eyes. "I really thought you were proud before! Now he has been amusing himself by holding your hand. I suppose he will go and amuse himself further by holding that of our fair neighbor, the pretty horse-breaker, Mademoiselle Anonymous, or Mauvaiston, or whatever you choose to call her!" and Mrs. Craven laughed, in a tone very destitute of mirth, however.

A look of intense and withering disdain, which would have blighted any other woman than Mrs. Craven on the spot, was her ladyship's only answer, as she swept out of the room; for Diana knew well enough, and Mrs. Craven knew that she knew, and knew that everybody else knew, that she was only mad with jealousy because Mr. Fiennes, the re, the austere, the inviolable, had been absolutely and determinedly blind to all the seductions of platonic tenderness, "misnamed pure," which she had held out to him, proving himself to be as cold as Joseph, and as unassailable though more polite.

In the great hall Mr. Fiennes encountered Totty and Bertie Craven, who ran blindly up against his legs in their haste to get out of the hall-door; and the fact was, the little monkeys had taken advantage of one happy moment, when "mademoiselle's" plump French back was turned, to absent themselves by their own permission from the school-room, and run off for the purpose of hiding themselves somewhere in the garden.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Fiennes, laughing as he caught them both in his arms, "am I so small that you cannot see me?" and he kissed them softly; but Care was busy at his heart, and the smile soon died out of his dark face again.

"Oh! Mr. Fiennes!" lisped baby, with her plump arms round his neck, "why do you look so sad—so sad? Have you been crying, too?" "Everybody looks sad now," said Bertie, with a deep sigh, "and mamma is so cross. Oh! Mr. Fiennes," continued she, as a sudden thought struck her, "what have you been doing to our cousin Diana?"

"I?" said Mr. Fiennes, with a beating heart, and scarcely knowing what she was saying. "I? Nothing."

"Oh! yes you have, though," said Miss Precocity, looking at him with reproachful eyes; "you have made her cry bitterly, once or twice. Oh! over so many times; and mamma said that she was a fool to care for such a man as you, who went after all the women alike, and Madame la Duchesse, she said: 'On the contrary, it is not M. de Fiennes who seeks the women, it is the women who seek M. de Fiennes.' Then mamma flew into such a passion. Oh! such a passion! and Cousin Diana too; she said it was a lie, and that she did not love you a bit, but that was not true, and she does love you; doesn't she, Totty?"

"Yes," said Totty, nodding gleefully.

"Because," said Bertie—"shall we tell, Totty?"

"Yes, we will tell all about it," said Totty, "because we love Mr. Fiennes too." Well then, the other day, she said—"began Bertie."

"No, my dear children, you must not tell me," cried Mr. Fiennes, as he put them hastily down, feeling as if he had heard too much already. "You must not betray your cousin's secret. Good-by dears." Then, kissing them both quickly, he mounted his horse, and was soon galloping at full speed down the level road, through the park, with his brain throbbing and his heart on fire. What was the secret which Bertie was just going to tell?—God alone knew; or the mighty sacrifice it was to his noble sense of honor, when he forbade the child to speak words that might have solved all his doubts in a moment, and changed his despair into exultant hope and happiness.

The remaining hours of the long day wore feverishly on, and Mr. Fiennes wearily wondered if the evening would ever come. A thousand times he asked himself the question, "Does she indeed love me?" and the bare idea made his heart leap in his breast with a deep, mad, passionate joy; then he recalled, in fancy, all her looks and words, and tones; her efforts at composure, her blushes, the momentary quiver of her lip, the trembling little hand resting unwillingly, yet deliciously, in his own; and he felt half inclined to believe that she did.

Yet, sublime as was the great, irresistible passion of rapture that flooded his soul at the thought of such a thing, it was not, even in these first moments, without its pang of bitterness, and Conscience, the inexorable, stood remorselessly between him and joy.

"If she loves you," said that mentor, which Poe cloaked in the sable garb of a raven, with his dreary refrain, "Nevermore!"—"If she loves you, if you have won her heart while she is yet in ignorance of your secret, you are a villain and not the upright, honorable gentleman, sans peur et sans reproche, that you profess to be. If she loves you there is only one course left open to you—only one

act of reparation you can perform. You have sinned, you must do penance; go to the feet of her you have wronged, humble yourself in the very dust before her, and tell her the foul, nameless blot on your life, which forbids you ever to hope to make her your wife. Kill her love for you with your own hand—that love which is dearer than your own heart's blood; watch it die before your eyes, and then go forth from her radiant presence, from the light and happiness and joy that breathes around her, out into the blank and bitter world, into the darkness and the tempest and the night of that lost life, where she is not."

Evening came at last, cold, wet and dreary. Michael Fiennes felt a returning touch of the old aguish fever, which never really left him; still nothing would have induced him to remain away from the ball—he would have got up from his deathbed to go there. He dressed early—that is, before his eight-o'clock dinner; for he wished to be at Knewstubb in time to meet Lady Diana when she entered the ballroom, for he could not afford to lose one moment spent in that dear presence now—and then he sat down to table.

It was a quarter to ten when Mr. Fiennes arrived at the entrance of the town-hall at Knewstubb; but, early as it was, still the carriages and files of all descriptions appertaining to the Knewstubbians were drawing up in continuous succession; for the Infirmary Ball came but once in the year, like Christmas, and the worthy citizens made the most of the occasion, arriving early and staying late.

At present, the elements were not propitious for the preservation of the ladies' ball-dresses; it was pouring with rain, and the lamps, few and far between, loomed forlornly through the fog, sputtering and sickly-eyed; while the soppy matting, appearing from under the canvas awning, was soaked and muddy as it dripped over the pavement into the gutter; and Mr. Fiennes, alighting from his fast-closed and plain dark brougham, disappeared as quickly as possible from the admiring eyes of the gaping mob which had collected round the door, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

The town-hall at Knewstubb was not a large building, neither were its lobbies or staircases as convenient as might have been desired, for they were drafty, ill-lighted, and dreadfully narrow; but to-night they had been made the most of with flaring stars and jets of gas wreathed in evergreens, and well-swept carpets, rather the worse for wear.

When Mr. Fiennes entered the ballroom, he found it really brilliantly lighted, splendidly decorated, and filled with people already—at least the tower end of the room, dedicated to the "middle classes," below that invidious line which had once been chalked by hands audacious. The band of the Sixth Royal Irish Dragoons, stationed in a county town not far off, had been engaged for the night, and many of the officers were present, their brilliant uniforms making a striking feature in the scene. The Lancers were just over, and every one was walking about, staring at each other, and especially at the little knot of countrypeople who stood huddled together at the upper end of the room, whispering amongst themselves, and haughtily eying the townspeople, for they did not muster very strongly at present, and for them the business of the evening had yet to begin.

Meanwhile, Captain O'Reilly had entered the room, tall, aristocratic-looking, handsome; showing his teeth pleasantly beneath his black, well-combed Piccadillies, and got up within an inch of his life, though his horse air declined to desert him even in a swallow-tail and white tie. His well-dressed wife, charming, *espigle*, and "looking like winning" in spite of her plain face, was leaning on his arm, and Miss Skinner came *en train*. I am sorry to say, however, that the dashing Henrietta, though splendidly handsome when viewed from a distance, with the duskiest of peachy hues glowing on her beautiful cheeks, the duskiest of eyelashes and the most lustrous of eyes, did not appear in such good form when seen at closer quarters.

"There is Fiennes," whispered Barney O'Reilly, "talking to old Mother Muntz and her tribe. You had better be after looking out, Henrietta; there are other people setting their caps at Fiennes and his eighty thous' besides yourself, girl."

"How dreadfully ill he looks to-night!" said Mrs. O'Reilly, with her double gold eyeglasses to her eyes. "I declare he looks ten years older than he did a fortnight ago."

Henrietta laughed sardonically. "You forget that he's in love," said she, "and no doubt *her* ladyship's taking it out of him pretty considerably, punishing him to the tune that you did 'Sally-inour-Alley' the other day, Barney!"

"Better her ladyship than you, old girl," retorted Captain O'Reilly. "She is young and pretty, and fresher than paint, Miss Henrietta."

Henrietta favored her brother-in-law with one of her dark looks. "I thought she would pay him out for Thursday," said she, addressing her sister, and deigning to take no further notice of Barney. "She gave him a look as if she meant mischief. Ah! she little thinks how well she does my work for me, and how neatly I make use of her to revenge myself on him, and him on her!"

"Revenge may be sweet," said Mrs. O'Reilly, "but it doesn't put anything into your pocket."

"I don't care for that," retorted Henrietta. "The sweetest thing on earth is love, and after love comes hate; I hate Mr. Fiennes, and I'd give up the best paying lover I ever had to be thoroughly well revenged on him. And I will, too, see if I don't," said Miss Henrietta, through her set teeth. "I will humble him to the very dust, and make him bite it, before I have done with him."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Captain O'Halloran and another gentleman who came up to shake hands with them; and Barney took advantage of the opportunity to slip off in search of old Bentinck Craven; but, not finding him immediately, altered his mind and fastened himself on Mr. Fiennes instead.

"Ha! Fiennes, is that you?" cried he, cheerily. "Come out of your hermitage at last in favor of the pomps and vanities? Take care, Fiennes; that's not the way to be making your soul. Con-

founded unconscionable man is Fiennes, Mrs. Muntz—but come and see my wife; she has something to say to you, I believe;" and, linking his arm in Michael's, the Irishman drew him away.

"He is coming to ask you to dance, Leonie," whispered Henrietta. "Mind, you say you are engaged; I have got something in my head."

"Well, I will give you the benefit of all the chances I can," replied Mrs. Reilly, coldly; "but I warn you I am getting tired of helping you to play a losing game."

So when, after chatting a few minutes, Mr. Fiennes asked her hand for the waltz that was just beginning, she told him she was engaged to Captain O'Halloran.

"Henrietta is disengaged, however," added Mrs. O'Reilly, with a sly smile, and tap of her fan; "and I am sure you will think that better still, although you have been self-denying enough to ask a married lady first."

Mr. Fiennes murmured a polite nothing, and the next moment found himself leading out the fair Henrietta right under the eyes of the irate Mrs. Muntz.

"Well!" exclaimed that injured lady to her daughter, Miss Selina, "I think he might have had the politeness to ask one of you first, and your pa' the most influential man in the county."

Meanwhile Mr. Fiennes abandoned himself to his fate with the air of a man who says, "Kismet—it is written." "Heaven help me, though, if the genius of ill-luck should send Mrs. Craven's party just now!" murmured he, with the cold perspiration standing on his brow at the thought; and then he became speedily engulfed in the whirling crowd of dancing dervishes, with Miss Skinner languishing in his arms, her head on his shoulder, and her dark eyes upturned to his face with an expression that can be likened to nothing else but a dying duck in a thunderstorm. Henrietta was a wonderful dancer, though her style was certainly better adapted to the stage than to a private ballroom; her muscular formation, developed by long and hard practice of rustic dancing, was splendid; and, had she been attired in those little petticoats of balloon-like gauze so familiar to her, it would have been seen that the sinews stood out like whip-cord through her flesh-colored silk stockings—like the Benicia Boy, she might have been backed, "to go and stay," and the hardest waltzers in private life would have had no chance against her. As for Mr. Fiennes, he was powerless in her grasp.

"Filly's taken the bit between his teeth and bolted, evidently," remarked a seasoned old fox-hunter, watching them, as Miss Skinner flew round like a yellow whirlwind, pushing her way dauntlessly through the crush, knocking down the weaker couples with admirable sangfroid, and never pausing in her headlong career to see what damage she had done; treading on airy dresses and tortured corns in tight dress-boots, knocking all the remaining brace of rotund matrons essaying mild terpsichorean efforts, and leaving lemon-colored shreds of her dress strewn in every direction over the floor.

"Grand cut! but she is a *véritable Mæzappa*," exclaimed a well-known voice, in Mr. Fiennes's ear; and pale, breathless and exhausted as he was, he made one final effort, and sank panting into a seat, as far removed as possibly from Madame la Duchesse.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"For it were better to be dead, or wed,  
Than have a heart a woman loves to rend."

THE strains of Godfrey's last new waltz, admirably played by the band of the Seventh Royal Irish Dragoons, which had condescended to astonish the natives of Knewstubb in this little provincial ballroom, had completely drowned the cheers and husky hurrahings of the saturated mob and dripping brigade of small cads in the street below, as the carriages of the Duke and Duchess d'O. and the Craven party drew up with a dash before the soaked awning reaching up to the town-hall entrance; and the last notes were dying away in the heated room as the swinging red baize doors were thrown open and the great lions of the evening made their august entrance, amidst a suppressed murmur and a general move forward. Indeed, many of the most audacious and eager of the townspeople so far forgot themselves as to push their impudent way across the line, in the keenness of their curiosity to see a duchess who was only once removed from a royal highness, and Lady Diana Charteris, that famous beauty, whose haughty loveliness was the theme of all tongues, and who would hereafter live in history like the Duchess of Hamilton, the beautiful Lady Jersey, and other great dames and never-to-be-forgotten queens of beauty in the courtly old days of powder, patches, and red-heeled shoes.

In they came—a brilliant company, with their noble suits of "gents-at-arms." The little duchess—charming, *petite, espigle*—her dark eyes sparkling with wit and vivacity, as she leaned on the arm of her husband (a true nobleman of the *vieille cour*—cold, polished, and courtly), talking, laughing, shrugging her shoulders, and making incessant play with her beautiful fan and tiny, delicately gloved hands.

Her black hair blazed with diamonds, her plump white shoulders gleamed again like polished marble, and her ridiculously little feet, like Cinderella's of old, glanced impatiently from under her pure white silk dress, in their dainty Louis Quinze shoes of white satin, as she tried to measure her little steps by the tall duke's strides.

It was then that she caught sight of Miss Henrietta Skinner eddying swiftly round in the unwilling arms of her hapless victim—voluptuous, handsome, languishing, with her dark head on his shoulder and her eyes upturned to his with their most die-away expression, notwithstanding which her substantial limbs lost none of their energy, although he was nearly sinking with fatigue and disgust.

"But did you ever see such a thing?" exclaimed the duchess. "She resembles nothing but a fat, humming-top *lunatique*! Has she already approached too many times this buffet? But look at her dress, my dear; it hangs in *véritables chiffons*, in yellow festoons of rags, most graceful. Soon



there will no more remain, and, at the end of the ball, we shall have the pleasure of seeing her going *au naturel*. Poor Mr. Fiennes, truly I pity him!"

"I cannot say I do, duchess," returned Lady Diana, laughing lightly. "Not having a heart large enough for much compassion, I reserve my little store for more deserving objects than Mr. Fiennes." And she turned away on Lord Redesbrooke's arm. "Come," said she, "let us amuse ourselves by looking at these gayly dressed bourgeois, who seem enjoying themselves so much."

"Oh, pride, pride! what a boon it is to us poor mortals! Surely, it must be a great mistake to put it on the list of the seven deadly sins, for I don't know what we should do without it. How many heartaches it saves, how many heartaches it cures, how many heartaches it hides; and is not that half the fight? It is only weak minds whose griefs are halved by being shared. Great souls, noble souls, fold their cloaks, Caesar-like, above their mortal wounds, and, like the Spartans, smile even as they die. But for pride how many hearts would be groveling in the dust, overwhelmed by sorrow too great to be borne? The world would ring again with howls of despair, but pride comes in to help poor human weakness, and, with his fingers on his lips, whispers, 'Be strong!' Life is a deadly duel, more or less protracted, which strong natures fight against fatality, whose second is the World. Happy is the man, then, who bleeds inwardly, so that his adversaries may not say, 'We see your blood!'"

And so it was with Lady Diana—pride was the master passion of her character; pride, that profound quality which cannot comprehend, or admit, of vanity, and which bears no relationship to it. No words could describe the sudden pang of agony which shot through her heart when she entered the ball-room, and saw Henrietta Skinner in Michael Fiennes's arms. It entered her soul with the stroke of a dagger; yet simultaneously that fiend or angel, which you will, rose up and said, imperatively, "Be calm!" and she was calm. A weaker woman loving as she did—but, by-the-by, no weaker woman could have loved as she did—would have fainted. Lady Diana did not faint; she smiled, and, for the moment, she actually believed that she had ceased to care for him; that her contempt for his conduct, and her ineffable scorn for his companion in ill-doing, had killed her love, though the belief did not prevent her from feeling a wild desire to torture him as she was being tortured.

And here I will pause to remark that I do not hold my heroine up to the public gaze as a pattern of all the Christian virtues. She was not that impossible moral angel so popular in a certain class of wishy-washy, milk-and-water fiction, though unknown in real life, but simply a proud, passionate, imperfect woman, rather *blasé*, though so young, of the world worldly, though affecting to despise it; a finished coquette, after her cold and queen-like fashion, though she did not know it; yet a woman whose heart was full of noble impulses and lofty aspirations, of ineffable tenderness that had never yet been called forth; and of boundless capabilities for a love so strong, so deep, so passionate, so all-absorbing, that few of her sex could have even understood it, and none of those sweet, mild, gentle women, all-yielding softness and immaculate, milk-and-water, missionary-meeting morality, could, by any possibility, have been brought to comprehend in the faintest degree, much less feel.

(To be continued.)

#### IMPROVED CALCULATING MACHINE.

THE *Scientific American*, alluding to George B. Grant's improved calculating machine, declares that it is a piece of mechanism that performs its task in a direct and complete manner, taking in a great range of work, and using and giving numbers at full length and in plain figures.

There is an upper cylinder, which is turned by the crank, and which itself drives a smaller shaft underneath. A slide, that can be set in eight different positions on the cylinder, carries eight figured rings that can be set to represent any number of eight or less decimal places. Each turn of the crank adds the numbers set upon the rings to the number represented on the ten recording wheels carried by the lower shaft. The multiplication process will be best understood by an example. To multiply 347 by 492, the three upper rings are set at 3, 4 and 7, respectively. The cylinder is then turned twice to multiply by the units figure of the multiplier. If now the slide is carried along one notch, where each ring will act on the next higher recording wheel, and turned 9 times, 347 will be multiplied by 90, and the product at the same time will be added to the product already scored. Another shift of the slide and four turns will complete the operation, and show the result, 170724—(347x2)+(347x90)+(347x400) upon the recording wheels. A half-turn of the crank backward erases this result, bringing all the wheels to 0, ready for the next operation.

Division is the reverse of multiplication. The dividend is set up on the wheels, the divisor on the rings, and the quotient records itself on the upper recording wheels. The machine of the size illustrated will use numbers of eight or less figures, and its upper figures if not over ten figures, and its upper figures if more than ten places are necessary.

The dimensions of the instrument are 13x5x7 inches, and it contains but eighty working pieces of mechanism, none of them small or delicate. The machine was invented in 1870, but was not manufactured for general use until this year. It was introduced to the public for the first time at the Centennial Exhibition; and the official report, signed by such well-known men as President Barnard, of Columbia College; Professor Hilgard, of the United States Coast Survey; Professor Joseph Henry; Professor J. C. Watson, and Sir William Thomson, says: "It is simple in construction, not liable to get out of order; its use greatly saves the mental labor of computation, and lessens the liability to error. It is deemed superior to all other instruments of its class yet produced." Other well-known experts state that a saving in time of more than sixty per cent. is effected over ordinary methods.

Upon work of four or five decimal places, the machine is claimed to have an advantage of three

to one over common logarithms; and it is quicker and easier to use natural numbers and natural sizes, tangents, etc., on the machine than to use the common logarithmic method.

#### THE ANALYSIS OF MAN.

THE analysis of man's actions—social, moral and political—is a matter of everyday occurrence; and one would scarcely believe in many instances that there would be sufficient left of an individual, after undergoing a severe critical analysis, for any further investigation. The investigation to which we propose to invite our readers' attention for a short time is a chemical analysis of man himself. We propose first to give what may be called an ultimate analysis of man; and secondly, to give the analysis of the fluids in man. Of course it would be impossible to consider in detail in this article all the fluids in the human body, so we shall content ourselves with the examination of the more important ones.

It cannot but be interesting to a man 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weighing 154 lbs., to know that by actual chemical analysis he is found to be composed of 111 lbs. of water, 15 lbs. of gelatine, 4 lbs. 3 oz. of albumen, 4 lbs. 4 oz. of fibrine, 12 lbs. of fat, and 7 lbs. 3 oz. of mineral constituents.

The blood is undoubtedly the most important fluid in the body, as its duty is to convey nutrition to the different stations throughout the body, as a railroad-train conveys passengers to the different stations on its route. It exists in the body in two states—as arterial blood, which is bright-red or scarlet; and venous blood, which is dark-red or purple. On examining the blood in these two conditions to analysis, we find the arterial blood to be composed of 82.24 per cent. of water, .61 per cent. of fibrine, 6.60 per cent. of albumen, .11 per cent. of fatty matter, 9.74 per cent. of globules, and .67 per cent. of salts. The venous blood contains, 81.83 per cent. of water, .60 per cent. of fibrine, 6.13 per cent. of albumen, .13 per cent. of fatty matter, 10.60 per cent. of globules, and .69 per cent. of salts.

The next fluid to be considered is the Gastric Juice. This fluid is the most powerful solvent known, and it is to it that we are indebted for our digestion. Pepsin is what may be called the active principle of this fluid, and when it is not present in a sufficiently large quantity our digestion becomes very much impaired. Chemical analysis shows the gastric juice to be composed of 97.50 per cent. of water, 1.5 per cent. of organic matter, .47 per cent. of lactic acid, and .53 per cent. of salts.

The Pancreatic Juice is another fluid the object of which is to co-operate with the gastric juice. Its chief office seems to be to emulsify fatty matters, in which it probably acts with the bile. Its composition is 90.07 per cent. of water, 9.04 per cent. of pancreatic, and .88 per cent. of salt.

The Bile is a fluid the specific action of which is not well understood, but it probably helps to emulsify the fatty substances we eat, and completes some particular part of the digestive process. It is composed of 82.3 per cent. to 90.8 per cent. of water, 10.8 per cent. to 5.6 per cent. of bile acid with alkali, 4.7 per cent. to 4.0 per cent. of fat and cholesterine, 2.4 per cent. to 1.5 per cent. of mucus and coloring matter, and 1.1 per cent. to .6 per cent. of salts.

The Saliva has two functions: It can act as a solvent, being capable of dissolving saline substances, organic acids, alcohols, sugars and other soluble compounds, and it can act as a ferment, being capable of converting starch into dextrin, and finally into grape sugar. It is composed of 98.81 per cent. of water, .18 per cent. of saline, .26 per cent. of mucus and epithelium, .05 per cent. of fatty matter, .17 per cent. of albumen, .53 per cent. of salts. When our food is subjected to the action of the gastric juice it is converted into a soft homogeneous pulp called *Chyme*; this in turn is subject to the peristaltic muscular action of the intestines, which forces their contents to their respective destinations. The nutritive portion is called the *Chyle*, and is taken up by the absorbent vessels and conveyed to the blood, while the innutritious portion is excreted from the system. The *Chyle* has the following composition: 90.24 per cent. of water, 3.52 per cent. of albumen, .37 per cent. of fibrine, .33 per cent. of alcohol extract, 1.23 per cent. of water extract, 3.60 per cent. of fat, and .71 per cent. of salts.

The fluid called *Lymph* is a transuded portion of the blood, and is conveyed by the lymphatic absorbents. Its composition shows a remarkable similarity in constitution between it and the plasma of the blood. The following is an analysis of the Lymph: 96.40 per cent. of water, .09 per cent. of fibrin, 2.82 per cent. of albumen, .04 per cent. of fat, and .65 per cent. of salts.

Although the tears do not constitute a very important fluid, still good use is sometimes made of this secretion, and it is therefore well to know its composition; then we can reply to our friends who attempt to accomplish any object by the profuse shedding of tears, as a man did to his wife, "There is no use of you shedding tears; they amount to nothing, for I have analyzed them!" 98.2 per cent. of water, .5 per cent. of albuminous matter, .13 per cent. of sodium chloride, and .2 per cent. of other salts.

It is interesting to know that in the course of twenty-four hours a man weighing 154 lbs. secretes and reabsorbs 3.168 lbs. of saliva, 15.4 of gastric juice, 2.059 of bile; 2.662 of pancreatic juice, and 4.25 per cent. of lymph, making in all 27.539 lbs. This amount of animal fluid is transuded through the internal membranes, and is restored to the blood by reabsorption in the course of a single day.

There is absorbed during 24 hours by a healthy adult man, 1.470 lbs. of oxygen, 4.535 lbs. of water, 0.305 lbs. of albuminous matter; .660 lbs. of starch; .220 lbs. of fat, and 0.040 lbs. of salts, making in all, 7.230 lbs.; exactly the same amount in weight is discharged in the form of 1.630 lbs. of carbonic acid; 1.155 lbs. of aqueous vapor; 1.1930 lbs. of perspiration; 2.020 lbs. of water of the urine; .137 lbs. of urea and salts; .358 lbs. of feces. So that a man weighing 154 pounds passes through his system in the course of twenty-one days a quantity of material equal to the weight of his whole body.

H. M. J.

#### A Severe Retort.

PROMPTLY the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which Curran hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favor of the Government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling

man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retort: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor; and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Science in English Schools.**—The writers on education in England grieve that so little heed should be paid to physical science in the public schools, but they say that a change has been inaugurated in places, and the conviction grows daily stronger that the claims of natural truth are forcing a recognition in these centres of preliminary culture. At Eton, at Rugby, and at Clifton, science is no longer a by-word and a play, but with good masters to teach, and willing boys to learn, biology and physics and chemistry are fast becoming realities where, not very long ago, they were but phantom names.

**Honors to Mr. Edward, the Scottish Naturalist.**—As soon as the news that Mr. Edward had resigned the curatorship of the Balfour Museum spread over the country, he was pressed in accept various situations, among others one in Aberdeen, where, notwithstanding the fact that that city is the seat of a famous institution of learning, the merit of Mr. Edward was never appreciated, and he was allowed to leave the city in distress and poverty on one occasion when he went there to exhibit his collections. Now that Mr. Smiles has made him rich, the good people of Aberdeen wish to make up for the neglect of former days.

**Silver Mines of Peru.**—The famous silver mines of Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, have, since their first discovery, yielded silver estimated at \$500,000,000 in value. The working of the mine was always conducted in a crude and unfaithful manner, and nothing like the amount the ore was capable of yielding was produced. Mr. Henry Meigs, the famous American railway builder of Peru, proposes to construct a tunnel by means of which the mines can be drained, and a vast amount of rich ore be reached. The proposed undertaking will be equal to the Suez Tunnel in cost and extent, but it is thought that it can be made to pay.

**The Production of Zinc.**—The production of spelter is stated to be increasing in Europe. In 1870 it amounted to 129,000 tons; in 1873 it stood at 129,000 tons; in 1874 it grew to 148,000 tons, and in 1876 it further expanded to 175,000 tons. Few metals have increased more rapidly in importance than zinc. At the commencement of this century there were not as many pounds of it employed in the arts as there are now contained in tons. At present it enters into a great number of industries, and its production has kept pace with the demand. Fortunately, unlike tin, it is a metal very abundant in the United States.

**Steam for Street-cars.**—Much success has attended the adoption of steam for moving street-cars in Paris. Along the grandest boulevard in the city, and winding through some of its busiest streets, turning sharp angles, and climbing and descending perceptible grades, the Merryweather engines draw crowded cars from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bastille, a distance of seven miles, at a speed of eight miles an hour, and nobody is hurt, and even the horses see it pass with contemptuous disregard. The engine is noiseless and smokeless. It has proved to be far more economical than horse-power, and a large additional number have been ordered.

**Pavement Blocks from Furnace Cinders.**—A new process of casting and annealing paving blocks of furnace cinders has been suggested, which consists in taking the slag as it flows from the furnace and running it into molds placed upon a circular table. As fast as the molds are filled they are moved away, and left to cool down to a dull red color. The molds are then opened and the blocks are taken out and annealed in a furnace for 24 hours. They are then ready for use. The principal improvement in this process is in the annealing of the blocks of slag. Thus prepared, the blocks would be suitable for constructing walls for building purposes and engineering works.

**Solid Emery Vulcanized Wheels.**—These wheels are a compound of india-rubber and emery, as little of the india-rubber being used as will hold the particles firmly together. By powerful machinery the two materials are incorporated into one homogeneous mass, which is then rolled into sheets, cut into wheels of the desired size and form, pressed into iron molds and vulcanized by being subjected to a high degree of steam-heat for several hours. Previous to being vulcanized, the substance is of about the consistency of leather; but when vulcanized, it becomes nearly as hard as cast iron, and of the nature of stone throughout; hence the wheels can, like a grindstone, be used until the size is so worn down as to be insufficient.

**A Polar Colony.**—A Bill was brought before the last Congress and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, the object of which is to obtain a grant of \$50,000 for a decidedly novel and daring scheme, viz, the planting of a colony within four hundred miles of the North Pole, for the purpose of accomplishing at leisure the feat from which Sir George Nares and his brave companions have returned baffled. The scheme has received the support of the United States Geographical Society, the Smithsonian Institute, the National Academy of Sciences, the members of former Arctic Expeditions, and many eminent men of science in the country. It is not improbable that the next Congress will grant the sum asked for. The author of the scheme is Captain H. W. Hensgate, of the United States Signal Service, a thoroughly practical and experienced man of science.

**"The Chemists' Manual."**—Dr. Henry A. Mott, a graduate of the School of Mines, Columbia College, and a chemist of large practical experience, has just prepared for the press, and D. Van Nostrand has published, an admirable manual for the use of analytical and working chemists, as well as for teachers and laymen. It is not intended to serve as an elementary book or as a substitute for our ordinary text-books, but more nearly resembles an abridged dictionary, in which all of the tables, methods of analysis, lists of elements, laws of combination, rules for calculating results, manner of preparation, list of apparatus and material, atomic weights, specific gravities, and a great quantity of other valuable information which the chemist must have at his elbow, is given with accuracy and judgment. The author deserves the thanks of his colleagues for having compiled a reference-book of so much practical value.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is traveling with her husband in Texas.

EX-EMPEROR EUGENIE, after visiting Madrid, will reach England at the end of this month.

COLONEL H. B. SANDFORD, R.A., Chief of the British Commission at the Centennial, has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

MR. DUDLEY BUCK, of Boston, succeeds Mr. S. B. Whittier at the organ of the Holy Trinity Church of Brooklyn Heights.

CAPT. ISAAC BASSETT, the principal doorkeeper of the Senate for many years, entered the service of that body as a page in 1832.

ANNIE LOUISA CARY is to be given a grand complimentary testimonial concert by her Cincinnati friends the latter part of this month.

SECRETARY McCARY has rented and furnished at Washington the house belonging to the late Admiral Goldsborough, and occupied for several winters by Mr. Hewitt.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of the Diocese of Omaha, has appointed Rev. Father Lonergan, of Fremont, Nebraska, to visit the various towns of the Black Hills this summer for the purpose of attending to the spiritual wants of Catholics.

GEORGE ELIOT, Jean Ingelow, Lady Hardy, and other feminine writers, are members of a literary club in London. The Antiquarian is one of the places of the city; it claims the honor of having had Benjamin Franklin as one of its members.

MISS GEORGIANA BOUTWELL, a daughter of Senator Boutwell, is at the head of an organization which is establishing a normal school for the instruction of colored teachers, and a large building for this purpose is to be erected at Washington.

REV. O. G. HEDSTROM, for thirty years pastor of the Scandinavian Floating Bethel in New York City, died on the 5th, aged seventy-four years. He was beloved by thousands of Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian sailors who have received his ministrations when in port.

MRS. SARAH A. THOMPSON, of Tennessee, received an appointment as clerk in the Treasury last week. The appointment is based on the ground of substantial service by this woman and her husband to the Government. During the late war she was a spy and hospital nurse. Her application is regarded at the department as the strongest Tennessee case on the list.

MRS. JUDGE DENT, the widow of Louis Dent, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Grant, is receiving hearty congratulations upon the successful termination of an old Spanish claim, placed in her husband's hands several years before his death, and afterwards taken by Caleb Cushing as an act of friendship to the widow of his old friend. He won it, and Mrs. Dent receives as her share fifty thousand dollars.

ONE of the last links which connected the present generation of Englishmen with Lord Palmerston has just passed away in the person of his chaplain, Rev. Thomas J. Theobald, Rector of Dunsmuir, Somersetshire. Lord Palmerston's idea of a domestic chaplain was a man who could carve, play a rubber at whist, preach a plain sermon, and tell a good story—and the late Mr. Theobald was a man after his own heart.

DON PEDRO found himself at Paris in the midst of his own family. The Empress is a daughter of Francis I. of Naples, and the whole of that family, including Don Carlos, is now in the gay French city. The Emperor's sister, Francesca, married the Prince de Joinville. The Emperor's daughter married Gaston d'Orléans, Count d'Eu, the eldest son of the Duc de Nemours. He was, therefore, completely surrounded by relatives in the city of Paris.

LIKE Dr. Schliemann's wife, the wife of the Portuguese naturalist, José Anchieta, has been of great service to her husband in his researches. Since 1866 Senhor Anchieta has, at his own expense, been exploring the fauna of the coast of Western Africa, and has greatly enriched the Lisbon museums with the specimens he has sent home. For some years his wife accompanied him, and left him only when illness compelled her to do so. She has written a book on her husband's work.

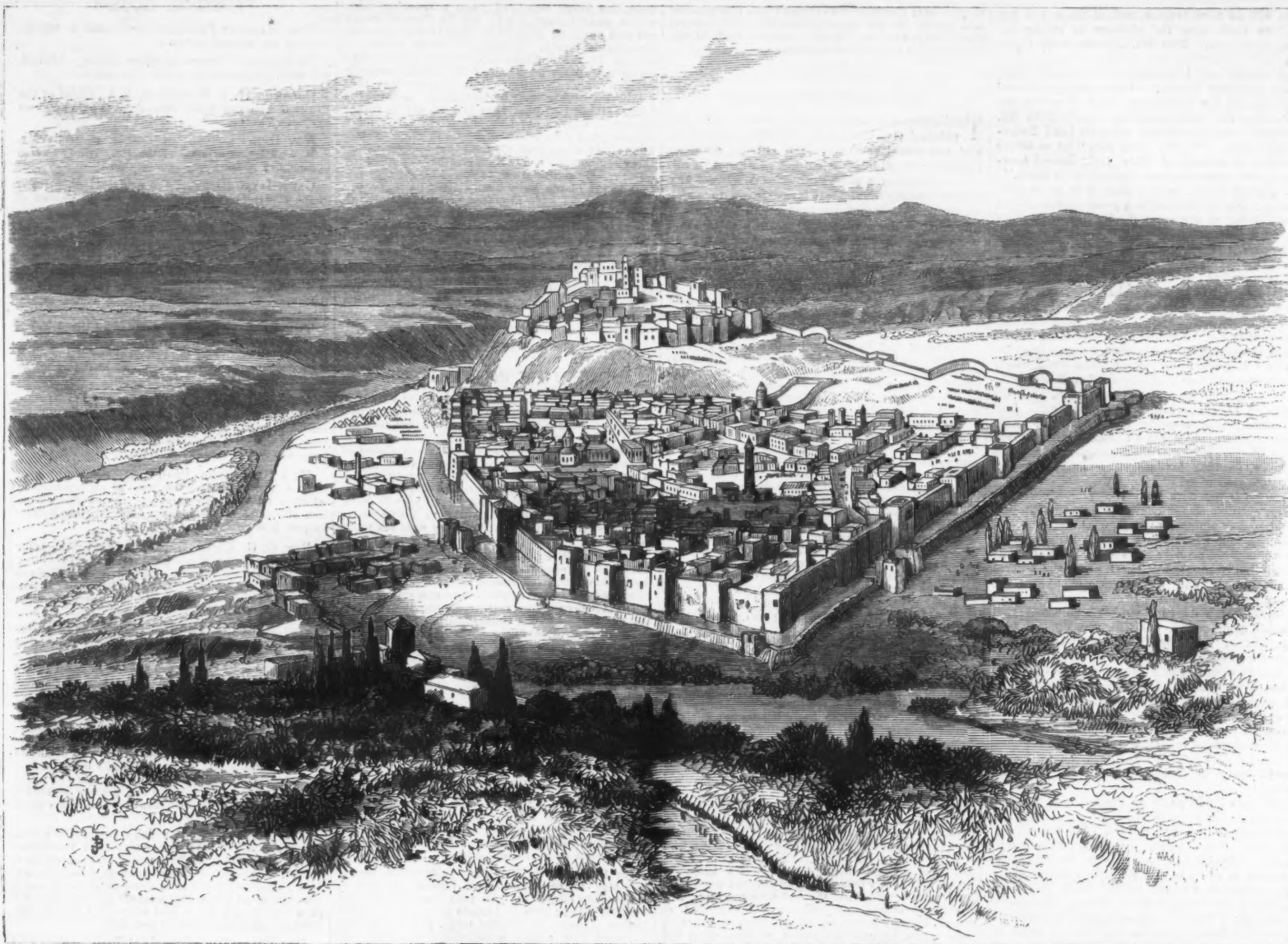
THE English Jockey Club has ninety-eight members, including two crowned heads—the Kings of Belgium and Holland; three heirs to the throne—the Prince of Wales, the Czarowitz and the Prince of Orange; five of royal blood—the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia; six dukes, five marquises, twenty earls, five viscounts, five barons and sons of peers, thirty-one untitled gentlemen, and certain honorary members of the French Jockey Club.

ONE of the guests at the reception given ex-President Grant by Dr. Newman, in Washington, was old Mr. Kelso, the wealthy Baltimorean, who gave so much money towards the building of the Metropolitan spire, which was called the "Kelso spire" in his honor. He also endowed \$5,000 for a perpetual gentleman's pew in the Metropolitan Church. This old gentleman has attained the age of ninety-three, and is in the full possession of all his faculties. He has witnessed the steady growth of our republic, and has seen every President of the United States, from Washington down to Hayes.

S. M. BRYAN, the Commissioner of the Government of Japan, who has been in Washington for some months collecting data in regard to postal matters for use in the improvement of the Japanese postal system, was given a complimentary dinner by his friends and former associates in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department. Mr. Bryan, a few years ago, was a clerk with small pay in that office, and resigned it to seek his fortune in Japan, where he soon received employment in the organization for the first time of a postal system for that country, and subsequently was appointed to his present position of postal commissioner to foreign countries, with a salary of \$10,000 per annum in gold and traveling expenses. He leaves Washington for Berlin.

At the urgent request of a number of leading citizens of Brooklyn, Mr. John McCullough has consented to repeat two of his greatest impersonations on Friday and Saturday evening, May 18th and 19th. He will appear as *Othello* and *Virginia*, in both of which rôles it is conceded that Mr. McCullough is without a peer to-day on the English stage. The immense success recently achieved by this incomparable artist at Booth's Theatre, New York, where for four weeks he played to audiences which tested the capacity of the theatre, was the strongest possible endorsement of the critical verdict which placed him at the head of all living English tragedians. Other engagements, as well as the needful rest, will limit the Brooklyn appearances to the two named above, but the Brooklynites will enjoy the advantage of seeing Mr. McCullough in his two best impersonations. He will be supported by a company selected from artists who have played with him during his recent successful engagements both in New York and elsewhere. Mr. J. W. Collier, an actor of whom we should be glad to see more, and who seems to reserve himself for great occasions only, will play *Michael Cassio*, and the rest of the cast will be in amply capable hands.





TURKEY.—THE FORTIFIED CITY OF KARS, IN ASIA MINOR, NOW INVESTED BY THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

## INCIDENTS OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

WHEN the Sultan of Turkey declared war against Russia in the Autumn of 1853, interest for a time centred in Europe along the Danube. Operations soon began, however, in that portion of Asia which borders upon the Black Sea. In this respect the present war bears a marked similarity to its predecessor.

The city of Kars, which has more than once been fought for by hostile armies, is the capital of the Turkish province of Armenia, and is near the Russian border, 110 miles northeast of Erzeroum. It stands on a broad table-land, six thousand feet above sea-level, and the climate, therefore, is much colder at all seasons than that of the surrounding country. With its fine citadel, Kars is considered a great strategical point. The population is roughly

estimated at 12,000, mostly Armenian traders, who carry on an active traffic with the neighboring communities on both sides of the frontier.

In 1828, Kars was taken from the Turks by the Russians under General Paskievitch, but subsequently restored to its original owners. During the Crimean War it was besieged by the Russians under Mouravieff, and gallantly defended by a Turkish force commanded by the English General William Fenwick Williams, afterwards better known as "The Hero of Kars." The siege began on June 16th, 1855, and continued until the latter part of November, the same year. On September 29th a sharp battle occurred on the heights above the city, in which the Russians were defeated; but, as no assistance was at hand, the advantage then gained could not be followed up, and General Williams, after exhausting his supplies, was, two months later, compelled to surrender. England

rewarded him with a baronetcy and a pension of \$5,000 a year for life.

The officers and men of the Russian army are said to be very pious. Each morning and evening they unite in prayer, either in their quarters or in some of the many monasteries which exist at Kischineff, and receive the special blessing offered by the Orthodox Church to those engaged in warfare for its maintenance.

The three principal streets of St. Petersburg radiate from the Admiralty Place, and throughout the whole length of these streets the Admiralty spire is visible, closing the vista towards the river. They are all as straight as darts and as wide as church-doors; while the houses surrounding them are generally as tall as maypoles or as deep as wells, according to the precise figure of speech which you may elect to use. These three thoroughfares are the world-renowned Nevski Prospekt, or

"Perspective of the Neva," on which in our picture the Emperor is depicted making rapid time in a sleigh; the Gorokhovaia-Oulitza, or "Pease Street"; and the Vosnesenski-Prospekt, or "Ascension Perspective." The other principal streets are the Bolschoi and Mala (great and little) Morskaias; the Millionaia; the Kazanskaia, or Street of Kazan; and the Sadovaya, or Garden Street. All these streets are strictly rectilinear, and are crossed by the smaller thoroughfares at right angles. For administrative purposes the streets are divided into three classes—first, Perspectives, which might be likened to boulevards; next, Oulitzas, or ordinary streets; and, thirdly, Pereouloks, or minor cross streets.

The citizens of St. Petersburg experience a general sensation of relief when Winter has begun in real earnest. The Russians prefer a sound, solid, inflexibly hard frost to the mere dallying



RUSSIA.—THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. DRIVING IN THE NEVSKI PROSPEKT, ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIA.—EVENING PRAYER IN A CANTONMENT OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN KISCHINEFF.





GENERAL DI CESNOLA, THE DISCOVERER OF THE CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES NOW IN THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

and shilly-shallying of alternate frost and thaw, which mark the first fortnight in November, and sometimes the whole of that month. When the ice on the bosom of the Neva has solidified to a proper wintry degree of thickness, people know that the worst has come, and they prepare, with Spartan fortitude to "grin and bear it." Then the sleigh becomes the universal means of transportation. These vehicles vary greatly in their degrees of elegance. The common one-horse sledges which ply for hire in St. Petersburg are not comfortable. There is scarcely room on the seat behind the driver for a single passenger, especially if the passenger be more than usually corpulent. The bulwarks of the sledge are but frail. It is supported on runners without springs; and the probabilities are disagreeably in favor of the entire concern tipping over.

#### GENERAL DI CESNOLA.

GENERAL L. P. DI CESNOLA was born July 25th, 1832, at Turin, Italy, and is a lineal descendant of an old Italian family, identified for generations with the history and patriotic support of the government of that country. He is a nephew of the late Count Alaricus Palma, who was prominent in the Italian revolution of 1821, and was associated with Lord Byron in Greece.

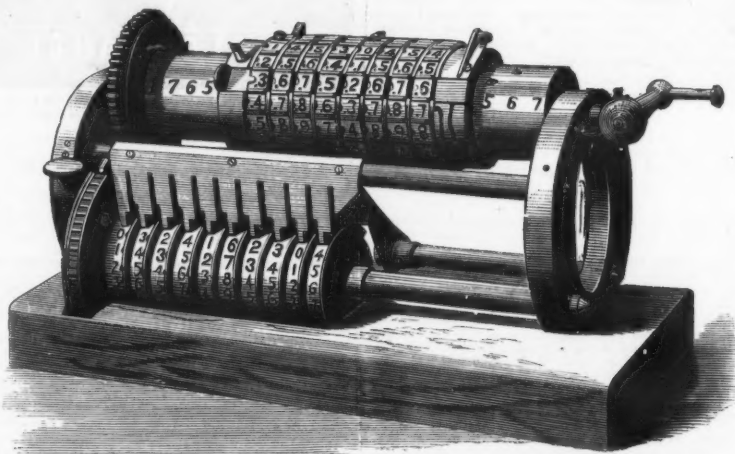
Count di Cesnola, which title he bore, graduated as a second lieutenant at the Royal Military Academy at Turin in 1849. He took part in the Italian War of 1848-49, and in the latter year was decorated and promoted at the battle of Novara, where he distinguished himself for gallantry. He subsequently served in the Crimea, in the Sardinian army.

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of military activity, General di Cesnola was among the first of Europe's distinguished military officers to discover in the war between the States, and the issues involved, a prospective field for the display or development of the genius of warfare; and, as early as 1860, he came to America with the avowed purpose of entering the Union army.

Arriving at New York, his first step was to acquire a thorough knowledge of our language, in the use of which he had had but meagre experience. Then he opened a class of instruction in sword exercise and cavalry tactics, which was taken advantage of by many who subsequently took part as officers in the war. In 1861 Di Cesnola married Miss Mary Reid, daughter of Commodore S. C. Reid, of the United States Navy, and brother of Colonel Reid, of New Orleans.

In March, 1861, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eleventh New York Cavalry, and soon after was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Fourth New York Cavalry.

During the year 1862, Colonel di Cesnola commanded the cavalry brigade of General Sigel's Army Corps, and in June, 1863, was captured at the battle of Aldie, Virginia. Taken to Richmond, he shared in the hardships of the victims of the Libby Prison, a graphic account of which he subsequently published under the title of "Three Months in Libby Prison."



GRANT'S NEW MACHINE FOR PERFORMING MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.—SEE PAGE 207.

The part taken by General di Cesnola in the war identified him thoroughly with American interests and institutions. His marriage to an American lady of distinguished family also drew closer the ties which, after five years' residence here, allied him

permanently to this country. Secretary Seward was among the prominent members of the government, added to hosts of friends in civil life, who became Cesnola's admirers, and welcomed him to American citizenship.



RHODE ISLAND.—NEW BUILDING FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL OF WOONSOCKET, OPENED APRIL 19TH.

In 1865, President Lincoln appointed General di Cesnola United States Consul to the Island of Cyprus, where he arrived in December of that year. The secluded life at this legation afforded him ample time for study, and, being a scholar and a lover of historical research, his attention, within a year after his arrival at Cyprus, was directed to certain relics which had been recently exhumed on the island; with some little effort, he collected a quantity of these, which proved to be fragments of pottery bearing every evidence of antiquity. He made a tour of the island, which is one hundred and sixty miles long and more than six hundred in circumference, and finally determined to explore it in the interests of archaeology. To accomplish this was far from being easy, since the expense must needs be great, and the General's means were quite meagre. His official salary was about three thousand dollars per annum, and his private estate yielded him only a small sum. Then, again, an obstacle intervened which at first seemed destined to baffle his ambition, and perhaps defer for ages to come the discovery of the riches of Cyprus. No foreigner is permitted by the Turkish Government to own a foot of land upon its domains, when it can avoid it; but in this instance Yankee wit, coupled with indomitable will, maintained by the supremacy of the flag which waved over the American consulate, was equal to the emergency. General di Cesnola selected certain sections of land located at various points on the island where he conceived the idea of commencing his explorations; and, taking into his confidence a young native whom he had employed at his consulate, and who eagerly seized the opportunity to become an American citizen, the General furnished the means by which the ground became the personal property of his agent—the young Ottoman. After securing the land, the right of citizenship of the United States was duly conferred upon the young Turk, and the explorations were at once commenced by General di Cesnola, which resulted in the discovery of relics which supply the necessary link, long missing, which in the minds of archaeologists connects Egyptian and Greek art.

#### NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT WOONSOCKET, R. I.

THE new building for the Public High School of Woonsocket, R. I., was dedicated on the 19th ult. It is situated on high ground, and in a quiet part of the town. From the upper rooms, and especially from the belfry, there is a fine view of Woonsocket and the surrounding country. The School is constructed of South-bridge brick, with Nova Scotia limestone trimmings. The dimensions are seventy-eight by seventy-four feet, and it has projections to both front and rear ends for entrances, staircases and teachers' rooms. At each of these projections are large porches of wood with turned columns, carved capitals and slated roofs, each porch having three sets of granite steps. The building is two stories high, with a French roof, and has a bell-tower of very unique design, which adds much to the external beauty of the edifice. The wood-work in the interior is ash, and there is scarcely an imperfection noticeable in any of the rooms.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BENCH SHOW OF DOGS AT THE HIPPODROME—PRIZES AWARDED TO THE BEST SETTERS IN THE EXHIBITION.—SEE PAGE 203.



On the first floor the four rooms are of equal size, with wide doors opening outward into a large corridor. Connected with these rooms are wardrobes, teachers' rooms, and water-closets. The second story has rooms adapted to the advanced classes, which are to be supplied with sufficient apparatus for teaching the higher branches of the sciences. Good arrangements for ventilation are provided, and the building will be heated by steam. Its cost has been only about \$33,000, which shows good management on the part of those who had the care of the plans and work.

## FUN.

THE appearance of the Kurds at Kara will, perhaps be looked upon as a forerunner of victory; for the Kurds generally have their own way.

THE most sensible Russian word yet invented is "Popoffka." It means a circular iron-clad monitor, invented by Admiral Popoff of the Russian Navy to pop off Turks with.

AN improved form of challenge to a duel is the following Quaker note: "If thou wilt eat twelve unripe apples just before retiring at night, I will do the same, and we shall see who survives."

A BALLOON-KEEPER named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late, and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell the truth.

IT was an old, but a very good, thing, said by a French paragrapher lately, to the effect that he hates a girl when she is trying to be a woman, and a woman when she is trying to be a girl.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stair and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

THE other day a father said to his five-year-old boy, who came in late to dinner from school, "Robbie, why are you so late? Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I couldn't hear it plain."

"WAR was declared in my house a week before the Czar thought of the thing," said Mr. Johnson, "and all because I happened to get up first in the morning and help the hired girl about the fire. Poor girl! she crossed the Frith a yard ahead of my wife into the next door neighbor's, and now she's working in a hotel."

THE Burlington Hawkeye tells the story of two commercial travelers lately comparing notes as follows: "I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have got only four orders." "That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist; "I have been out four weeks and have got only one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."

"JUST for the fun of the thing," a citizen stepped up to a countryman, a night or two since, and asked him to lend him his hat, a dilapidated affair, placing his own glossy silk tie upon the husbandman's head for security. He then turned round and began talking to his friends, and on looking about for his hat, both it and the green youth had vanished. The citizen considered himself sufficiently amused.

Kaiser Wilhelm owns so many honorary medals and marks of decoration, that when he wants to wear them all at one time, he has to put some of them on another man, his own coat not having acre enough to contain them all, and he will not let them on his trousers for fear they will get under him when he goes to sit down. This new comes over by cable, and if it is not true it is not our fault.

THE paternal author of an heiress was approached by a youth who requested a few moments conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent, briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on the subject. I have given my consent to the others and I give it to you; God bless you."

## LEAVEN.

"A LITTLE leaven, leavens the whole lump" is literally true, when you use the old reliable Royal Baking Powder; it is the strongest and purest powder in the world, and excels anything for making biscuits, cakes, all kinds of muffins, corn-bread, etc.

## PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S WARNING.

In concluding an address to the students of University College (London), Professor Tyndall, who is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable brain workers of our century, said, "Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as a carman in a rotten boat—what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care of the timbers of your boat." The distinguished scientist's advice is equally valuable to all workers. We are apt to devote all our energies to wielding the oars, our strokes fall firm and fast, but few of us examine or even think of the condition of our boats until the broken or rotten timbers suddenly give way and we find ourselves the victims of a calamity which could have easily been avoided by a little forethought. What began by a slight fracture, or perhaps even a careless exposure to disorganizing influences, ends in the complete wreck of the life-boat. The disease which began with a slight headache or an undue exposure to cold terminates in death, unless its progress be checked, and the disease remedied. The first symptoms, the heralds of disease, give no indication of the strength of the on-coming foe, and the victim trusts that his old ally Nature will exterminate the invader. But Disease is an old general and accomplishes his most important movements in the night-time, and some bright morning finds him in possession of one of the strongest fortifications; and when he has once gained a stronghold in the system, Nature ignominiously turns traitor and secretly delivers up the whole physical armory to the invader. Like the wily politician, Nature is always on the strongest side, and the only way to insure her support is to keep your vital powers in the ascendant. Keep your strongest forts—the stomach and liver—well guarded. Do not let the foe enter the arterial highways for he will steal or destroy your richest merchandise and impoverish your kingdom. To repulse the attacks of the foe you can find no better ammunition than Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine. (Full directions accompanying each package.) His Pleasant Purgative Pellets are especially effective in defending the stomach and liver; his Golden Medical Discovery for purifying the blood and arresting coughs and colds. If you wish to become familiar with the most approved system of defense in this warfare, and the history of the foe's method of invasion, together with complete instructions for keeping your forces in martial order in time of peace, you can find no better manual for these tactics than "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.50. It contains over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

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We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Alex. Frothingham & Co., which will be found in this issue. Those of our friends who wish to transact business of that kind can find no better parties to act for them than the above firm, who are thoroughly acquainted with the business and are well known in New York Banking circles.

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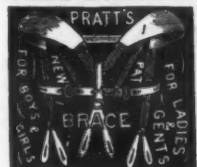
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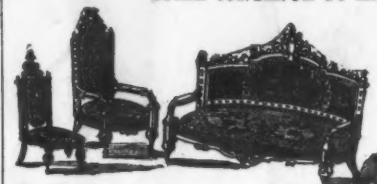
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#### ENGRAVINGS.

African Exploration: An African Village near Unyan-yembe; Henry Barth.—John H. Speke; African Women with Waterpots, Listening to Native Music at Kribababa; Manganga Blacksmith at Work.—Blacksmith's Forge and Gossikin Bellows at Manganga; Natives of Unyamwezi, East Africa.—Traveling in Africa.—The Rain-pool by the Way; Livingstone Crossing an African River on Oxback; The Last Mile of Livingstone's Travels; Meeting of Stanley and Livingstone; Stanley.—Cameron; Cameron's Expedition.—Lake Dwelling in Lake Moheya; A Soko or Market at Kamele; Wedding Festival at Kibaiyei.—Traversing a Rocky Gorge near Miveha; Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Chailie Long; Crossing the Lovri River; A Dance at Kiwakasongo; Sona Bazi, a Unundo Village.—African Coffins.—The Snake's Supper, London.  
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A Page from an Old Story.  
Isabella Clara Eugenia, Daughter of Philip II. Hand of Anne of Austria, with Laced Cuff.

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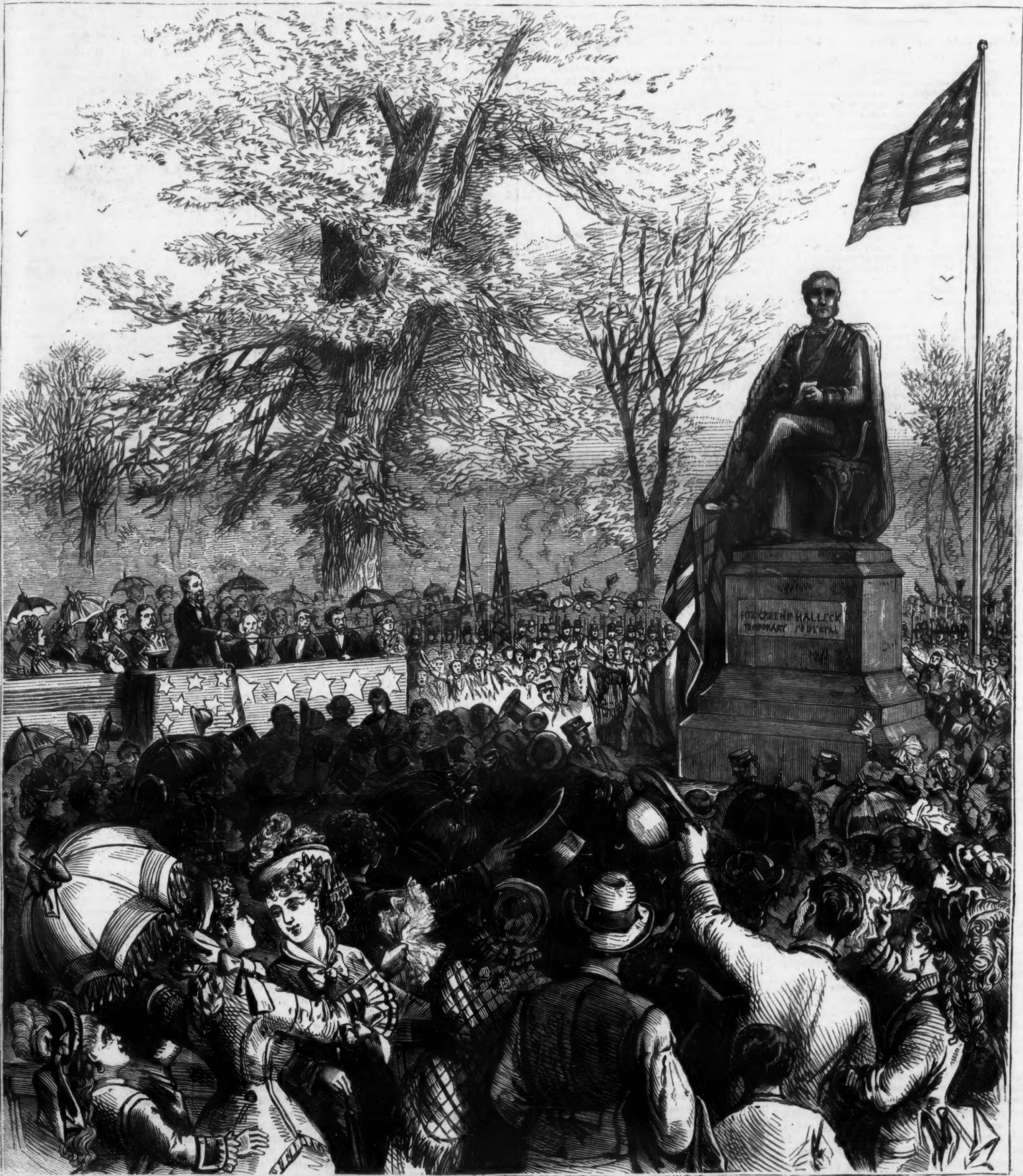
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NEW YORK CITY.—THE UNVEILING OF THE BRONZE STATUE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK BY PRESIDENT HAYES, IN THE CENTRAL PARK, ON MAY 15TH.  
SEE PAGE 217.



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NEW YORK CITY.—THE METROPOLITAN CARNIVAL, MAY 15TH.—THE PROCESSION AT NIGHT—KING REX IN HIS PURVEYOR OF WINES, MAMELUKES, ETC., P.





IN HIS CHARIOT, SURROUNDED BY HIS BODY-GUARD, PRECEDED BY THE BEEF-EATERS, AND FOLLOWED BY THE  
S, ETC., PASSING MADISON SQUARE.—SEE PAGE 203.



